

LITERATURE AND LIFE
IN SCHOOL

J. ROSE COLBY

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LITERATURE AND LIFE IN SCHOOL

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PREFACE

THIS is not a book about English. It seeks to be frankly and simply what its name declares — a book about literature and life in school. Since, in spite of all that has been said and done to foster the introduction of literature into secondary schools, it still is hardly more than a beggar at the doors of a great proportion of our elementary schools, it has seemed once more worth while to make a plea for its presence in school life from the first day to the last. As is true of any rational plea for the use of any subject in school, this plea is based on a consideration of the essential business of the school, of the essential need of children, of the real nature of the subject, and of its true, its proper work, consequent thereupon. The book further undertakes to suggest means that may be employed to secure to literature some measure of fulfillment of its proper function in the life of children. This includes a study both of the general character of the material to be used and of the method of handling the material. It does not undertake to lay down a set course, nor to suggest special devices for class work. Finally, the book ventures a look ahead into high school and college and the life that lies beyond and

outside of the classroom, to see how the subject fares and should fare there, and to find justification in life itself for the nature of the plea it makes for the handling of literature in school.

In condensed form the ideas developed in this book appeared in articles in "The Elementary School Teacher," for April, May, and June, 1903. I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to Principal Ella Flagg Young, of the Chicago Normal School, then Professor of Education in the University of Chicago, for help of many kinds freely given by her from her well-nigh unequaled judgment and experience; and to Professor John Dewey of Columbia University, who induced me to re-write the articles on a larger scale, and who has read much of the manuscript. My thanks are given also to the University of Chicago Press for permission to make use of matter in these copyrighted articles.

J. R. C.

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LITERATURE AND LIFE IN SCHOOL

I

THE TRUE FUNCTION OF LITERATURE

SCHOOLS exist to help home and society make a human being out of the undeveloped human animal.

For unnumbered ages the slow processes of nature have been at work to bring him into being, a little, sprawling, naked, helpless body, with unknown potencies of thought and feeling and action. Behind him are all the years that preceded human consciousness and all the years since human consciousness began, all the blind struggle of man with the earth and elemental powers, all the wars of man with man, all the superstition, the fear, the savagery, the lust, the hate, the dawning affection and wonder and reverence, the hard-won knowledge of self and the world, the broadening consciousness of relationships, the growing mastery of the environment by brain and hand and heart, out of which has issued the present world. And all about him is this world of the present, complex, enormous, mystifying, insatiable in its demand for knowledge, for skill, for thought, for love. Of this world the newborn child is already unconsciously a part. He is in a sense the

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very centre of its life; the most fundamental institution of society exists for him and because of him; while the character and the existence of all institutions depend on what with the passing years he shall bring to them out of the poverty or the wealth of his being. For the past and the present he is irresponsible. Out of the unconscious, unrecorded ages, out of the ages recorded by growing consciousness in tool and weapon, in dish and tablet, and, finally, in temple and scroll and book, he has brought his inheritance, — a body organized to stand erect and use the hand, and a crescent soul in whose instincts and potencies the experiences of all that past survive and make possible for him a full human existence.

What shall constitute a full human existence as the present sees it has likewise been determined by that same past. For that past created the present, and to live a full human life to-day means to enter into this present with a living, a vitalizing consciousness of the already discovered relations that make its being. Multifarious and bewildering though they be, these relations are nevertheless of but three kinds. We are earthborn, creatures of the dust, breathers of the air, dependent for mere existence on cosmic forces of light and heat and motion and attraction and repulsion. All about us, visible and invisible, clearly manifest in creature or dimly divined as the source and law of all being, is the presence of life, a life that is not ours, that yet in a myriad ways con-

ditions and controls ours. And the life that we feel to be our own or closest kin to us, — this, too, environs us. For good or ill, all involuntarily on our part, we are born sons and daughters, brothers, sisters, members of society, citizens of states and nations that are themselves woven into the inextricable web of world life. To all this enviroing world we are related: to the physical, chemical, cosmic forces; to the myriad forms of life not ours and the one life that informs them all; and to these other human lives that breathe and walk and feel and think and act as we do. It is our true relations to all these that we must enter into, make real to our consciousness and in our lives, if we are to be in a true sense men and women in this present world. It is thus we must earn our birthright, and transmit it, enlarged, ennobled, to those who follow us in the evolution of life.

And the newborn child, mere bundle of possibilities that he is, — how is he to come into consciousness of all these relations and enter upon his true inheritance?

Only by contact of some sort with the related worlds, only by experience with them. In one way or another each new life must be brought into contact with the world of inanimate elements and cosmic forces, with the organic world of life not human, and with the world of men. More than this, the span of the individual life, — what is it, measured by the ages in which the race has been gathering its

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experience of the universe and coming into its present conscious relation to it? Yet each human being to-day, if he is to live the full measure of being possible to him, must in his little span compass the significant experience of the race. Much of this experience is, indeed, already within him, stored and ready for use in the form of instincts, aptitudes, capacities, tendencies. Much of it also is secured to him by his birth as a member of a family in an organized society and by the natural processes of physical, intellectual, emotional, and moral development in the home life and neighborhood life. But let these do their utmost, unaided, and life emerging from their tutorship into physical adulthood must remain immature, dwarfed, inexperienced, ignorant in great measure of itself and its world, unable to cope with the physical world, unready to face with intelligent courage the complex social world, and to meet with efficiency its infinitely varied demands on hand and brain and heart. And long before he had acquired through personal experience the needed equipment, the man would die. It is here that the school comes to the rescue.

What is the school, then, in its essential nature, that it is fitted to do this thing, to reinforce the agencies of physical life and of home and society so as to carry the humanization of the individual life far beyond what those agencies could do unaided, and at the same time wonderfully to shorten the time needed for such humanization?

Primarily the school is an organization whose controlling idea is to do in a few years consciously, deliberately, and economically for the individual what the earth life, through æons of time, has done unconsciously, blindly, and with tremendous cost of suffering and death for the race. This means that the school must create conditions through which the individual can come into such contact with the forces of the threefold world that his mind can take them up into itself, transform his relations to them into experience, and thus grow in knowledge and character and power.

If the school succeed in creating true conditions for this process of experience, the individual who through this growth has come to self-consciousness and true self-possession will not only recognize the inevitable conditions of earth life, but be ready to adjust himself to them, and able to use them to the furtherance of worthy ends. He will be truly at home on earth, feeling for all its creatures the sympathies of conscious kinship.

The means employed by the school to do this work are the teacher, the course of study, and the life that is organized about them. At present we are mainly concerned with the course of study. For our purpose we need to consider a little more carefully than some of us are wont to do its real nature and meaning.

A course of study is a more or less orderly selection of subjects in which mankind, under the spur

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of necessity and of the instinct of self-realization, has developed a body of knowledge. Empirical and imitative in great degree as it is, along with other institutions, the generally obtaining course nevertheless reflects fairly well the needs we have become most conscious of. Not so many years ago the curriculum of the three R's in our common schools showed that we were mainly conscious of the need of mastery of those symbols by means of which mankind has learned to record and communicate facts, feelings, and thoughts, and to master the forms of logic involved in ordinary business transactions. The growing complexity of the courses now found in schools tells another story.

Institutions always lag a little behind the best knowledge and thought of the time, yet always seek to overtake them. The nineteenth century added wonderfully to our knowledge of our own genesis, development, and actual place in the universe. It found man supposedly supra-natural in origin, a being apart from other earth life, governed by a higher law, a spirit imprisoned in a body, the only spirit among created things, related to the external world only through a material link, the body. And matter in itself was held to be rather a base thing, to be ignored as far as possible; and when it could not be ignored, to be mastered and mortified. The other forms of life, too, were supposed to be widely disparate, creatures of distinct acts of creation, related mainly by mere accidents

of place and time. In short, the nineteenth century found man living, as far as the common consciousness went, in a disjointed, unrelated world held together by an arbitrary external will. And man himself belonged rather to that other world of which this will, external here, was the inner and inherent law.

So the nineteenth century found man. It left him in a different world. Infinitely more multi-form than the imagination of the earlier time had dreamed, the earth and its life were at last seen in a new oneness, a wonderful complex of inherent relations, outgrowth and development of a law of life working in all alike. No longer apart from all other life, man is rather a part of it, owning kinship with all that creeps and swims and flies, with plants, too, and even with the forms of matter that we still call inanimate. Akin to all, and dependent on all, dependent, too, as they on the great cosmic forces, man, to know himself, to live his life with the comfort and efficiency of one who has found his true place and is adjusted to it, must have knowledge of all this related world, and the sympathy and power that depend on knowledge. And so we come to our new complexity of curriculum. It is the partly instinctive, partly conscious and deliberate response of the mind to its environment as newly conceived.

Naturally enough, this new curriculum has given peculiar emphasis to natural science. It has, very

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properly, even found place for the elements of science in the kindergarten and the primary school. And, taking advantage of children's developing powers of observation, inference, and reasoning, the higher elementary grades and the secondary school seek greatly both to extend their pupils' mastery of scientific data and to transform this mastery into scientific knowledge. In doing this, schools are furnishing material for the mind to use in its own development, and are doing much to ensure its development along true lines. The result should be an increasing number of minds organized in relatively true correspondence to the physical universe in which they live and act. And this should mean an immense saving of power hitherto lost through ill adjustment to controlling conditions, an immense increase in the usefulness and in the happiness of human lives.

The new curriculum exhibits another result of our deepened sense of world relations. Always egoistic, interested above all in our own doings and the doings of those whose actions we feel affect us most nearly, more or less curious also about the conduct and fortunes of mankind in general, we have long given some heed to our own history and to the history of peoples most nearly related to us in peace and war. History, accordingly, has long been given a place in the higher elementary grades as well as in the secondary schools and colleges. As we all know, the experiences that have thus been

selected for study have been overwhelmingly experiences of military warfare. The fighting instinct, developed in us through immemorial ancestral experiences and still surviving, strengthened by sorrowfully numerous wars of the present, morally buttressed, too, by its association with individual and national heroism and patriotism, has in this study found satisfaction and perpetuation. We have been content to dwell on these most salient manifestations of man's powers, these apparently most critical, most decisive events in his career. With the enlarged vision that the nineteenth century gave us, we now see that wars are incidents in the development and rivalry of institutions, societies, governments, races. This change in our point of view is leading to a shift of emphasis and partly to a shift of place in our new curriculums. We are still studying wars, but we study campaigns less, and institutional, social, and racial causes and effects of war more. And we are beginning even in lower elementary grades to study the civic institutions and industries nearest at hand, so that even young children may begin to recognize the existence of the organized social world of which they are a part, that they may gradually develop civic and social consciousness, and be better prepared for such active and intelligent participation in the little world about them as results from a recognition of its relation to the larger world.

The ideas and purposes that have been influ-

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ential in putting literature in the mother tongue into the programmes of the secondary schools, and sporadically and uncertainly into the programmes of the elementary grades, are somewhat less well defined. Nevertheless, we are not likely to be far wrong if we connect these ideas and purposes with the almost revolutionary change of attitude toward the universe, already noted as characterizing the nineteenth century.

Superficially, indeed, this connection has not always been of a generous sort. In the battle for position waged by the advocates of natural science as against the classics, literature in the mother tongue was used by the scientists as a humble ally. If the classics could be displaced, there would be so much more room for science. If a compromise were necessary, if some concession must be made to the worshipers of language studies, let these content themselves with the modern languages, which take so much less time, and which are really necessary if one is to have direct access to the best scientific knowledge, — nay, if they must have literature, let them take it in the mother tongue as the Greeks did, and not waste years in learning dead languages. So the argument ran, and superficial as it was, it was not without influence. But if the motives here suggested had been the only motives growing out of the modern scientific spirit and tending to make literature a school subject, literature would probably long since have fallen out of our courses.

But the true scientific spirit has a passion for knowledge for its own sake, a passion to know for the sake of knowing, and thereby of becoming more intelligent, more capable of knowledge. It could not therefore remain altogether passive in the presence of literature, record and embodiment as literature is of life and human experience. If cobweb and wasp's nest and honeycomb appeal to the scientific spirit as worthy subjects of scientific study, to increase the sum of human knowledge, so, too, do lyric and epic and drama. These also can be studied for their structure, for their revelation of human ingenuity in adapting means to end, for the light they throw on language development, on the genesis and growth of human powers, beliefs, and institutions, on the historic relations of races and nations, and on the influence of physical environment and heredity. In short, they furnish a good deal of material for a general history of human development, and an age to which questions of genesis and evolution appealed with peculiar force could by no means overlook the various forms of literature as sources of knowledge. This phase of scientific interest in literature, evident in so many works of literary critics, linguists, historians, and students of manners, has even come to the support of the ancient languages and literatures against the somewhat blind hostility of the advocates of natural science. It has certainly had a deeper and more lasting influence than this hostility in putting mod-

ern literatures and languages, including the English, into high school and college, and keeping them there. We may be grateful to it for this, even though its influence on modes of handling literature in school has not been in all respects happy. It may be, indeed, that we should in no wise hold the scientific spirit responsible for that unfortunate conception of literature so widely obtaining in the grades and even in high schools, — the conception that transforms literature into a tangle of universal knowledge, a centre for the encyclopædic study of geography, history, natural science, grammar, rhetoric, and things in general. The curiosity so developed in pupils is at best a bastard changeling in place of the true intellectual curiosity begotten by the scientific spirit. And the knowledge so acquired is a sorry substitute for the genuine knowledge missed, knowledge of the workings of the human heart and the travail of the human spirit.

When literature is found in the grades it is probable that in many cases it owes its place not so directly to any of the causes so far named as to a mingling of two others. These, however, may themselves be traced to the recognition of wider boundaries to life and the need of adjusting ourselves to the new conditions, — the same general cause that has been operative in giving great space to the sciences and in making over our methods of historical study.

First, this modern world demands, for even the ap-

pearance of intelligence, a certain amount of literary information, knowledge either of books or about books, or both. It demands, too, a certain amount of information as to authors, their lives, works, and characters. It must be admitted that a very little real knowledge of this sort is permitted to make a great show. The real lover of literature feels such external knowledge to be of relatively little worth. But a student of the actual conditions in our schools must confess that, if the demand for this information did not put literature into elementary and secondary curriculums, it is, in some of our schools, this demand in the main that is satisfied.

The second cause referred to as peculiarly operative in maintaining literature in these curriculums is of another sort still. The process of reconstructing our notions of the universe and of our own relation to it, forced on us by science in the last fifty years, has inevitably induced the beginning of a reconstruction of moral ideas and their sanctions. More or less confusion and uncertainty as to modes of teaching morals has resulted. In the increasing secularization of education, the Bible, once inseparably associated for most persons with the teaching of morals, has been put out of the schools. Direct and isolated teaching of morals has been felt to be somewhat mechanical. Yet evidently morals must be taught, else chaos will come again. In such straits, many have turned to litera-

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ture, for relief. In the lives of men and women in secular literature, as in sacred, the moral law is exemplified. In their failures and their successes, their rewards and their punishments, it has been held that we may find texts on which to base moral instruction. From Cinderella and the wicked step-mother and sisters to Macbeth and Banquo or Cordelia and Lear, we need never be at a loss for a character to point a moral. We may even use the jingles of Mother Goose for direct moral edification. In not a few schools literature has thus been used, and is used, as a mere handmaid of morals in the narrowest sense of the term.

Where a somewhat broader view of literature and of morals on the whole obtains, it is common to hear the introduction of literature into the grades advocated, and its presence there defended, on grounds not wholly different, but more rational. Literature, it is said, is an indispensable aid in the forming of right ideals. In it the lives of men and women are so presented as to win the love or the scorn of eager boys and girls, and so become to them types of manhood and womanhood to be aspired to or shunned. It has the advantage of substituting ideal concrete personality for abstract instruction, and so enlists the feelings and the imagination in the forming of the desired principles of action. Further, it is said, this influence of literature naturally creates a love of literature itself. And in the love and companionship of good books boys

and girls are provided with means of lifelong escape from ennui, from the vapid weariness of recreations of the insipid sort, and from pursuits which under the guise of pleasures are little more than an "expense of spirit in a waste of shame."

One or another of the notions here enumerated of the function literature may serve, or a mingling of them all, has in most cases led to the introduction of literature into our curriculums where it is found at all, and has determined how it shall be handled there. It is needless to deny that literature may after a fashion serve all the purposes so set before it. Whether it should be made to serve them all is another thing. Whether even the noblest of them may not be better served incidentally to the fulfillment of a still more fundamental service is a question to give us pause. To answer it we must turn anew to that enlarging of the domain of human consciousness, that extending of the range of human relationships, already noticed as characterizing the nineteenth century. In doing this we face again the scientific spirit. A closer look may show us that in a deeper sense than we have yet perceived it is involved in this general movement to make literature a school subject. It may even be found coöperating as a natural ally with its supposed foe, the spirit of humanism.

Fundamentally the scientific spirit seems to be nothing but the pushing of the intelligence toward knowledge. It is the reaching out of the mind to the

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universe in question as to the nature of all things. It is by no means necessary that it should occupy itself mainly with the non-human world, nor, when busy with the human world, that it should concern itself wholly with the physical aspects of that world. It may, as we all know, turn itself on the human mind and seek to discover its genesis, its development, its present nature, and even its probable future evolution. It may analyze human emotions to ascertain their origin, their modes of behavior, their interrelations, and their effects. It may analyze society and social institutions to discover their essential elements or to determine their actual historical relations to one another and to the individual man. It may consider the individual in his relations to the social world as a whole, or to the individuals that compose it, or to both. Wherever, in short, the mind finds itself ignorant in the presence of an object of knowledge, the scientific instinct gives it no rest till it has pushed back the barrier to knowledge and removed that ignorance. In all this, as long as the mind is actuated by the mere desire for knowledge, is influenced by no passion but the intellectual passion for knowing, insists on definite results, looks with suspicion on mere probabilities, and reports its findings dispassionately, with appeal to the disinterested intellect alone, we say its action is scientific, and we call the body of supposed knowledge resulting therefrom science, even though the keener vision

and sounder judgment of a later age may make it all over or reject it outright.

Not all of man's questioning of the universe, however, has been thus dispassionate. He has been driven to question by needs of the heart as well as of the mind. Beset by a clamorous throng of passions, he has longed for a knowledge that should bring them into stillness. Seeking through labyrinthine ways the goal of happiness, he has yearned for a clue that should lead him aright. Challenged by the multitudinous voices of the universe, he has looked about him, now with gladness and freedom, now with sorrow and sore constraint, with hate, it may be, or anger or distrust, or with love and reverence or simple kindliness and fellowship, but always with wonder, always with a passionate desire to know more surely what this is that has so moved him, what he is himself that he is so moved. A thousand times baffled in his quest, he has perforce obeyed that inner necessity of his heart, and sought again. Nor can we believe that it is destined that he shall ever reach a point where the need of his heart to know itself and the environing world shall be satisfied and its outcry cease.

Of this we may be sure. Yet there are times when the perplexity of the spirit is deepened, when the longing for knowledge that shall be peace, or, better still, an inspiring energy, is more profound. In the modern world such a time came to the human spirit when, emerging from the crypts and cloisters

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of mediævalism, it found itself in contact with the clear intelligence of the ancient world and its passionate love of beauty. Such a time came again a little later, when that new activity of intelligence had, on the one hand, doubled the significance of the earth ball and enhanced the dignity of man by the discovery of the western world, and, on the other hand, given a dizzying blow to man's egoism by proof that the earth is not the centre about which a satellite universe revolves, but itself an insignificant satellite of a larger world. And such a time, I believe, came once more in the last century, and continues to-day. The acceptance of the theory of evolution, complete or modified, the wonderful extension of knowledge of biological and physical forces and processes, seem destined to as far-reaching and revolutionary effects on man as those that followed the discovery of America and the acceptance of the Copernican theory of the universe. Probably, also, owing to the spread of the knowledge of letters, our change of attitude is more immediate, our sense of need more quickly responsive to the change. The riddle of life must be read anew. As of old the Sphinx sits beside the way, and as of old for each one of us the answer is a matter of life and death. What is man? What is the meaning of his life? The question aims at the whole of man, and the whole man strains for an answer. The scientific spirit, and the old yearning of the soul for knowledge in the face of all that

touches human fate, which is the real inner force of humanism, alike impel us to the quest. Where shall we turn for the answer?

Now there is no such thing as man and human life in the abstract. Unless, indeed, it be in an all-creative mind, there exist not Man and Man's life, but men and men's lives. We are concrete, individual. Everywhere we are jostled by men as concrete and individual as ourselves. Strongly social, to a great degree gregarious, we have, to be sure, united with them in societies and institutions of all sorts, growing out of a multitude of desires and needs, and both calling for a diversity of activities and creating ever new needs and desires. But every society, every institution, is itself as concrete and individual as the desires and needs it grew out of, the activities it demands, and the new desires and needs it creates. If, then, we seek the nature of man and of human life, to read the riddle of human fate, we must seek in individual men and individual lives.

But here is a difficulty. What we are seeking, whether we are conscious of it or not, is, in the first place, to know ourselves, to grasp in full conscious possession the elusive, protean, bewildering personality that in each of us thinks and feels and acts. And in the second place we want to know — we need to know — the men and women and boys and girls we are thrown with by the chances of life, the Johns and Marys who are our brothers and sisters,

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our children, our friends in all degrees, our associates in business and church and politics, co-workers with us or thwarters of our hopes, occasion or cause to us of the sweetness, or maybe of the bitterness, of life. We need to know them in such wise that we can put ourselves in their places, see through their eyes, feel sympathetically the impressions made on them by the circumstances in which we are involved with them, that we may feel what is to them the meaning of friendship and love and duty, what things are to them trivial, what things to them give meaning and dignity to life. We need to know them thus that we may coöperate with them generously in all things worthy, that we may gain from them reinforcement of strength and courage, that we may save ourselves and them from mutually ungenerous interpretation. And in the third place we need to know what may be involved for us in membership in civil society, the freedom and the constraint it brings. We need to face intelligently our own rights and duties as individual souls on the one hand, and the rights and duties of society on the other, that we may know when and where to yield, that we may not cherish too deep a bitterness when the will of society thwarts our hopes, that we may throw our strength to the reinforcement of whatever good society stands for, and guard it from injury through our weakness. And, in the fourth place, to lead our lives as we would gladly lead them, making them fair to see and helpful, filling them with peace and

contentment to ourselves and others, we need to know all these things fairly early, before we have had a chance to blunder too seriously through ignorance.

Impossible, of course, we all know this last to be. We have to begin living with our first breath as well as keep it up to our last, and we are never too young to do something or suffer something that may mar the whole life. But this does not alter the fact of our need; it only makes it more desirable that we should be put in the way of getting the needed knowledge as early as possible. To be made to wait to get our knowledge of how human beings feel and think and act until life itself calls upon us for the actual experience is to be kept long undeveloped, dwarfed, immature. It may be, even, to be crippled in the very experience itself when it comes, since the reality of experience depends not merely on the outward occasion, but on the preparedness of the soul, on antecedent intuitions, guesses, dreams, ideals.

Evidently we must get much of our experience at second hand, mediately through the experience of others. For much of our knowledge of the particular men and women we dine with, trade with, work with, marry and live with, we must be beneficiaries and inheritors of others' knowledge of other men and women. Even for our knowledge of ourselves, for an understanding of the actions of our own minds, our own hearts, we are in no

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small degree dependent on the self-revelations of others.

Now from the beginning of consciousness men have been in one way or another uttering their experience, that is, in the strictest sense, putting it outside of themselves, embodying it in some form external to themselves. What they have seen, what they have felt, what they have known, what it all means to them, they have been making manifest in scrawl, in chipped flint, in hammered iron, in moulded clay and chiseled stone, in child's toy and workman's tool, in the organization of family and tribe and state, in melody, in dance, in prayer. But the most intimate, the most searching, the most revealing of all the forms in which man has expressed himself is literature. It is at the same time the most generally accessible form. It is small wonder, then, if in the new needs the times have forced upon us, in the necessity to see ourselves anew and to adjust ourselves to a newly conceived universe, we have, even though somewhat blindly, turned to literature for help. So, in seeking to make a curriculum that shall bring boys and girls into a true consciousness of their own lives and of their relations to the universe, it is not strange that we have, somewhat blindly still, but with more and more comprehension of its true worth, put by the side of the sciences and history literature.

Really to comprehend the worth of literature, however, we must do more than recognize in it an

intimate and searching revelation of human experience. While this is of immense importance, it is by no means the whole truth. Ethics and philosophy, too, are revelations of life. As such they are of the utmost value in their places, but they can nowhere take the place of literature. No, the peculiar power that literature exercises is dependent on two further characteristics. Literature is not only a more comprehensive revelation of human experience than man has made in any other one form, — it is further a revelation and embodiment of life at once concrete and artistic.

The importance of this can hardly be overestimated. Life itself, as we have seen, is concrete. The appeal it makes to us is made through concrete objects and particular states induced by them, — men and women, flowers and birds and all the animal world, winds and stars and seas, sunset and dawn, budding tree and fading leaf, far-reaching horizons and shadowy hollows, the sense of warmth and comfort, of fear, distress, and pleasure, of estrangement, and of love. Go where we may, it is the same. Men and women smile or frown upon us or pass us by. The earth, solid and persisting, endures our steps. Sunshine and rain fall on us. Particular circumstances rouse our ambition, and foster or thwart it. Loving hands detain us or slip from our grasp. And every path, dusty or sylvan, worn by kindred feet and lingering in whatever pleasantness or followed in whatever pain and loneliness, leads to the one end,

the little heap of earth so low the foot might scorn it, so high the vision cannot pierce beyond. Out of this concrete individual life, out of this contact with the concrete world, grow all our passions, all our perplexities, our fears, our longings, our ambitions, our thoughts on God and man, our consciousness of duty, our faith, our unbelief. It is this concrete individual life that fascinates us, haunts us, torments us, fills us with joy, with hunger and thirst to understand it, to master it. The deepest passion that possesses us is the passion to live. And it is insatiable. We open our arms to life, we grasp at experience. Whatever love and joy a human heart has known we would fain know too. Nor, though we shrink from pain, do we turn aside from action that involves it, if it involve also an increased sense of life. But at best our lives are narrow, limited by conditions of time and place and circumstance, by birth and occupation, by race and nationality, by a thousand things that control experience. We turn, therefore, with a sense of enlargement and freedom, to live in the lives of men and women in literature. Through sympathetic imagination we take up into ourselves and make a part of our own ideal experience the wide-ranging, concrete life of drama and story and song. By many a fireside removed from us by oceans and continents and by generations of men we sit, "four feet on a fender," with essayist or moralist, poet or rambler, and follow with query, with wonder, with mournful brooding, with high-hearted

courage and gladness, the endless procession of life. The masks of the street and the crowd fall off, and we see our poets face to face. Unforbidden we enter the innermost sanctuaries of heart and soul. We stand abashed before the capacity of the soul for high endeavor, for courage, for endurance, for hope, for love; and sometimes, too, we turn aghast at the hollow heart, the empty soul, the baseness of ambition and of feeling. And when we return from this wide wandering we come with freightage of memory and desire. We look upon familiar scenes with eyes made intelligent by travel. We challenge familiar objects and experiences with a curiosity that has grown more keen and more sympathetic under the stimulus of that foreign adventure. We are better neighbors and townsmen for having become in a sense citizens of the world. We understand our own hearts the better for that friendly intimate sojourn in the hearts of others.

These results, moreover, follow more speedily, if not more surely, from acquaintance with men and women in books than from the chance acquaintance that actual travel brings. That this is so is due to the last characteristic noted as belonging to literature, — its artistic nature.

Actual life is confused, chaotic, bewildering. We catch a glimpse of a face in passing only to lose it. We surprise, on a well-known face, an expression at odds with all we know of the life of him who thus for a moment reveals himself; and the chances of

years shall not again bring the revelation. The path we seek to follow runs straight and well defined for a time, only to be lost in such divergent branchings that we must turn and turn again on our track to hit upon the true course. The accidental obscures the essential. No single experience but is well-nigh inextricably mingled with other experiences, conflicting, tributary, or indifferent. We are overwhelmed by the variety, the immensity, of life. So it is surely with most of us; so in great measure it must be, perhaps, with all. But among us are some rarer mortals endowed by who knows what mystery of birth, of inheritance, with a surer instinct for truth, a keener vision of reality, a finer discrimination of values, a soul and a sense more responsive to the beauty of earth, to the needs of men, with mind more catholic and sympathies more alert. These are the seers of the world. Gradually to their vision the confusion of life grows into order; the essential emerges, the accidental falls back; the sundered fragments of life unite, gather meaning, become wholes. And if to such gifts of insight and sympathy is added the gift of creative expression, the seers become artists. If it be expression in words, they become prophets, poets, makers of literature.

Literature is life beheld and interpreted by the seer, and living again and made manifest to us in forms shaped by the creative imagination of the artist. Where in life is complexity, and to our weaker

vision confusion, in literature is relative simplicity and order. For this is the function of the artist: to look steadily upon the confusing phenomena of life till their essential relations appear, and with these relations the real unity that underlies all the seeming confusion; then, this unity once clearly beheld and controlling the inner vision, it remains for the selective judgment and the constructive imagination, working under the influence of the creative impulse, deepest seated but one and divinest of human impulses, to choose whatever is essential to this unity, reject the non-essential, separate and combine the chosen material into an ordered whole, and even in the act — miracle of genius forever unexplained — breathe into this work the breath of life. The so-called art product is then no mere product; it is life. It is life created by the artist, but independent of him, and by right taking its own place in the world of actual existence. It differs, indeed, from the world of natural creation, as we have seen, not so much by the reality and truth of the latter as by its own comparative simplicity; by one other trait, also, resulting, like the simplicity, from the act of the selective judgment and constructive imagination, — a more easily apprehended beauty.

Now it is this comparative simplicity and beauty of the single work of art, along with its vivid reality and the wide comprehensiveness of the art world, that makes the work of literary art, and

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literature as a whole, peculiarly an interpreter of life, a liberator from the confining bounds of personal experiences, and a source of noble pleasure. It is these characteristics that make literature of incalculable service to the development of the human being, and well-nigh indispensable from the beginning to the end of our course of study.

II

LITERATURE AND THE FIRST FOUR YEARS OF SCHOOL LIFE

WE turn now to consider how literature may be made to serve its true function in the lives of children in school. To do this intelligently, we must have a fairly clear conception of what children are when, at six or seven, they enter school; of what we want them to be when, at eighteen or nineteen, they leave school; and of what literature offers that at each stage of the course will serve the present need, and prepare for the needs of the next stage.

Habits of speech may be taken as evidence of habits of thought. Teachers and writers on education are prone to talk, not of children or a child, but of "the child." The expression, and the discussions it is found in, often suggest that human nature in childhood is undifferentiated, that in "the child," as he enters school, we have a shapeless, plastic mass which our hands may mould as we will. This is tacitly to ignore a truth we all elsewhere explicitly acknowledge. Every child is a developing human life. The most distinguishing feature of human life is self-activity, the power by which every human life turns on its environment,

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seizes from it whatever is available to supply the wants already risen in its own inherent nature, and uses this in its own development. This activity does not wait for maturity before beginning its work. It begins with life, and by the time a human being is six years old its characteristic life is already well under way. In every aspect of that life, physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, it remains indeed immature. But already the physical development has made a wide range of physical activities possible and necessary. The body knows sensations of comfort and discomfort, weariness, rest, and action. The muscles are already in a measure responsive to the will. The mind is already alert, perceiving, wondering, questioning, judging. The heart already knows the beginning of that emotional life which is to be of such critical importance in the whole life. Already mind and heart have begun the education of the will; desire and judgment have created ideals, and the will has begun to direct the life powers to attain them. So much we may say of any normally born and normally developed child by the time it is six years old and ready for school. And since this is true, and since neither the heredity nor the environment of any two children can be exactly the same, the result of all this self-activity is something very different from that shapeless, plastic mass, "the child." A roomful of six-year-olds is a roomful of individual lives already widely divergent from one another in dispositions, powers, and

ideals, and differing widely, therefore, in the degree and the kind of response they will make to any given environment.

These children the school, if it is fortunate, keeps for some twelve years. At the end of those years it hopes to send them into the larger life of the outside world capable of intelligent self-direction, with knowledge of earth life and man life not too inadequate to the conditions they must encounter; with the beginnings of sympathetic relations established with the manifold environment of earth and society; and with wills educated into intelligence and nobleness of action by such knowledge and sympathy.

Evidently such a result as this involves something very different from the process of moulding a plastic something into a given form which thereupon hardens into permanence. The sooner we realize this the better. We cannot ourselves make boys and girls into men and women. We cannot ourselves by any travail enlarge the mental life of children and give to their emotional and moral life sincerity, nobleness, and sympathy. They must do it themselves. They must themselves grow into such fullness of life as their own natures render possible. All that we can do is to provide an environment that shall supply whatever elements are necessary to this growth, and supply these elements in such form that they can appropriate them, make them into thought and feeling and volition, into

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conceptions of the world, into attractions and repulsions, into acts and purposes, — into the substance of their own individual lives. The special problem before us now, therefore, is, through literature, to create for children in the first years of school an environment that shall provoke and stimulate the sort of growth we desire.

The conditions of school life compel us to deal with children in groups. We are cut off from choosing material with special reference to the needs of any one individual. Even if this were not so we should still be hampered by our inevitable ignorance of these individual needs. Cultivate the acquaintance of parents as we may, we can never get the sort of knowledge of family history, prenatal conditions, characteristic tendencies, and influences of the daily life, that enables intelligent mothers and fathers to choose wisely for their own children. Nevertheless, we need not be wholly at sea.

Whatever life lies behind any group of children of six, whatever influences surround them, they are all ready to like stories, to be interested in persons, in animals, in the visible, animate life of the earth. They are more or less sensitive to rhythm, to tone, to color, and to form. They have distinct notions of goodness and badness, of justice and injustice, and more or less clear — perhaps I should say, in some cases, more or less mixed — notions of what acts in their own conduct and in the conduct of others toward them come under these several heads.

They admire and love ardently; they scorn and hate with equal ardor; and, though often right, they are not infrequently far astray in their choice of objects for this exercise of emotion. The conditions of their lives and their own temperaments have united in determining what these loves and these aversions shall be; and, as in adults also, love on the one hand and aversion on the other have called into play impulses of imitation, construction, and destruction. These six-year-olds, that is to say, are living, each one, in a world of thought and feeling and action. Their worlds are smaller. They are not yet capable of such complexity of thinking, such fineness of discernment, such accuracy of judgment, as are adults. Their emotions are simpler, less mingled and conflicting. Their moral judgments are more direct and unhesitating, less hedged about by *ifs* and *buts* and *maybes*, and, accordingly, are likely to be less generous than the judgments of adults. Their wills are, of course, untrained and less intelligent; they act more blindly, with less heed to obstacles and ways and means of accomplishing a purpose, and are more easily disheartened.

We have no desire to crush out any of these already established impulses, feelings, and activities in children, not even the feeling of scorn, the impulse to destroy. All that we desire is to give these true direction, to help them to a natural and healthy growth by providing opportunity for a

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natural and healthy exercise. And natural and healthy exercise and growth here means spontaneous and unconscious exercise and growth. In choosing literature for children in these first years of school, therefore, we must choose with reference to their already acquired knowledge of life, their already established activities of mental, emotional, and moral life, and likewise with reference to enlarging this knowledge, and directing, enriching, and multiplying these activities. And we must be on our guard to choose in such wise as to keep undisturbed the spontaneity and unconsciousness of these activities.

The knowledge of life already possessed by children of six or seven is of a varied sort. If their lives have run a normal course, they know by experience, by feeling, much of the meaning of family and home. They are familiar with the relations of father and mother and child, of brothers and sisters, of grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins. They have some notion of marriage, of the relations of husband and wife, though they commonly think of these two as father and mother. They have felt some excitement, perhaps, in the celebration of a wedding among their own kindred or friends, have recognized bride and groom as persons of importance, centres of interest and attraction in the various festivities that cluster about the wedding. Possibly the more sensitive children of six have been moved to wonder by some vague sense of the

mysterious, the romantic in the matter. But they accept it as they accept the rising and setting of the sun, the presence of policemen on crowded crossings, or the going to church. Six years of the simplest conceivable life must also have provided children with some knowledge of neighborhood life, of business, of industries carried on in the home, in the field, in the shop. They already have made some classification, however imperfect, of men and women according to their occupations, and also according to their characters. They have heard some men condemned for dishonesty, for cruelty, for laziness, for inability; and others commended for honest dealing and kindness, for industry, skill, and shrewdness. And they themselves are ready to pass unhesitating judgments of such sort. Children of six have felt the tantalizing allurements of horizons, of long roads that stretch beyond their ken, and therefore may go anywhere and lead to unimaginable wonders. They have known the stimulus to do that springs from being forbidden to do. Within narrow limits they have recognized the relation of cause and effect, and, within these limits, they insist on rational explanations of things. But the limits are narrow, and outside of them children readily accept the accidental, are easily contented with explanations that assign inadequate causes to marvelous results.

Luckily literature is so like life in its range that it can answer the needs, not only of old man and

sage, but of mere novice in living. Out of the childhood experience of the race have come tales that forever appeal to childhood. All along the way, too, traveled by the race in climbing out of childhood, have been occasional men and women who have not forgotten the secrets of that early world, who have been able at will to look out of child eyes and behold again the child world. Most of these carry into their tales of the simpler childlike world glimpses of a life that only their wider experience has made them conscious of. But this fact does not destroy the fitness of their tales for use with children. Everywhere in life the child world is actually thus incorporated in the larger. The child world is only the world that children make for themselves out of what they can discover in the larger world and appropriate. Beyond this the presence of the larger world is felt only as a mysterious something which does not disturb their joy in the possession of their own, but which gradually becomes an allurements toward larger adventure, a challenge to growing powers of understanding and sympathy. These tales of the later day, therefore, which only approximate the simplicity of the earlier tales, may be used as safely as they. They may well satisfy the present need, even while they are creating new needs, calling into life new interests, new desires, and supplying objects for their exercise.

It is a mistake to suppose that children necessarily prefer stories about children. They do like such

stories, but in the main they prefer to find the children of stories associated, as they themselves are, with men and women. Nor have they the slightest objection to men and women — or at least grown-up youths and maidens — as centres of interest, provided the action be clearly defined, the emotions open, naïve, unsophisticated, the relations involved such as they are familiar with in their own world, and the morality of a simple, downright sort, such as their own meagre experience of life has taught them. With these essential conditions met, they are ready to accept almost anything that gives them a sense of abundant life, — hardships to be endured, difficulties to be overcome, friends to help or be helped, foes to be outwitted or subdued, pleasures to be enjoyed, and love and honor to be won. If something of the marvelous is introduced, so much the better. It stimulates and delights. It charms with its mystery. It allures by its revelation of the unsuspected resources of heaven and earth in reserve to support patient endurance, quick wit, and heroic endeavor. For, be it noted, none of the old fairy and folk tales offend childish intelligence and morality by giving the help of fairy or good genius to the faint-hearted, the sluggish, the cowardly, or the unkind. In this these stories show themselves right-minded, and receive the approval of children, whether they themselves are altogether right-minded and worthy, or are privately conscious of shortcomings that in the fairy world

would inevitably bring on them penalty of suffering.

Fairy and folk tales appeal to children through yet another characteristic. This is the constant presence in them of animal life, and the easy, natural intimacy of relation existing between animals and human beings. These tales have not forgotten the primitive man's recognition of kinship with the creatures of earth. In them almost the earth itself is sentient and aware, its forces actively hostile or friendly, as is all its swarming life of animals and flowers. This is true to the instinctive feeling of children still. And folk tales may well foster whatever of truth is in the feeling, till science and poetry have revealed the larger truth, which does not destroy this, but transforms it.

Such tales, together with poetry, may well serve our purposes for a year, or even two years. Poetry should from the first receive at least half the time we can give to literature. For the present, however, we may defer discussing it, that we may follow more connectedly the course in prose tales.

In gradually leaving behind us the fairy story pure and simple, we should not leave behind also the elements that we have found essential to its attractiveness. We must still keep in a world of men and women and children, of animals and the varied life of the earth. We must still be mainly concerned with action. We must welcome good, honest emotions of the outspoken sort. Our moral-

ity must still be relatively simple, unshaded, unperplexed. We may still use stories that treat the unusual, the striking, the marvelous, as matters of course. We shall be at home, as always, with labor, with endurance, with sacrifice, with heroic effort. We shall be grateful for whatever opens our eyes to see the goodliness of the earth and of the life of men. We shall not be ashamed of tears; and we shall be glad of honest laughter.

Here, too, literature is abundantly able to supply our needs. From the storehouse of myth and legend, classic, Germanic, and Indian, we may draw tales in which all these elements are found as surely as in fairy and folk tales. In myth and legend, however, they are associated with more of dignity and power, and therefore with more of beauty and attractiveness. The hero of myth and legend aims at achievement less for his own sake. He strives for others, his people, mankind, the gods. Often his own life is shadowed and burdened. He errs, sins, goes far astray; yet he struggles to the end, and achieves, if not gladness and repose for himself, yet the solace of right endeavor, and for others deliverance from evils. In following the lives of Heracles and Jason, of Perseus and Cadmus and Theseus, of Siegfried, of Balder, and of Hiawatha, children of seven, eight, nine, ten are living through the heroic travail of the elder world, are feeling sympathy, admiration, aversion, and love that will go far to help their understandings appre-

ciate heroic human action, however noble, however faulty, everywhere in the world. They are becoming vaguely conscious, too, of the reach of human life in time, in action, and in suffering. They are feeling, if not perceiving, the relations of action and suffering, and the far-reaching consequences of deeds.

More modern traditions, and some modern fictions, too, we may press into our service in these years. Side by side with "Robinson Crusoe" I am ready to place "The Jungle Book" and Pyle's "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood." No doubt "The Jungle Book," like "Gulliver's Travels," with the story it tells so fascinatingly combines a satire on human nature and human institutions. To an adult this satire is sometimes subtle, sometimes palpable; but, unlike Swift's, it is never sardonic, hardly ever bitter; and, best of all, a child will never discover it. On the contrary, what a child feels is the sympathy with which the story is told, the humanness of the animals that makes fellowship with them so easy and natural, the charm of finding the familiar in the unfamiliar, and the never failing interest of the incidents themselves, centring now in the boy Mowgli, now in Toomai, now in the wonderful little Rikki-Tikki-Tavi. And some children in school, as well as out, feel the beauty of the words and the fascination of the jungle. After watching class after class living in this jungle world, it is not easy to resist the conclusion that to keep this book out of the schoolroom is to keep primary children

out of their rights. Like "Robinson Crusoe," though in a subtler fashion, it appeals to the vagrant, errant impulses surviving, it may be, from the shadowy past of our forest ancestry; gives the freedom of forest and field to the spirit, while the restless little feet are held in the schoolroom; and all the while it suggests that freedom goes, not with lawlessness, but with loyalty and obedience, with kindness and justice. The Robin Hood story is now and then objected to on the score of its supposedly teaching perverted moral and social relations. The objection is as superficial as the outlawry that calls it forth. He who is not misled by mere names must see in the story the same core of honesty and fidelity that we find in "The Jungle Book," and a kindred charm of the woods. Humor brightens it, and opens the child vision to mirthful incongruities of boast and act, of expectation and fulfillment. In it a manly self-reliance and fair play go side by side with gratitude for a friend's help in need, and a quick readiness to lend a hand. The individual and the social virtues are there embodied in Robin and his faithful outlaws. It is only when they are incarnated that they can appeal with any force to children, but then they are capable of kindling in children ardor and fine emulation. "Robinson Crusoe," less illuminated than either of these by the poetic imagination, but convincing the very reason by its plodding fidelity to supposed fact, holds children still, as it held us when we thumbed its leaves

or listened while a dear voice read the story of the much envied castaway. We did envy him, and we planned together to run away and find an unknown island in the woods we knew by heart. And children envy him now and plan to run away. But something blessedly interferes with their plans, as with ours. And without knowing it, they are getting, as we got, first lessons in the strange helplessness of the individual apart from his fellows, glimpses of the intricate interweaving of lives and generations and occupations. The sea that separates and binds together the races of men grows real to the imagination; the world reaches out to broader horizons; and strange countries and customs are added to the little world already familiar. And as, before, myth and legend adjusted the mind to the recognition of heroic effort and action, even though mingled with the ignoble, so this tale prepares the mind for a sympathetic understanding of the restless pushing spirit and the heroic endurance that sent weak men across unknown seas and made them the discoverers and subduers of a New World.

We have spoken of myth and legend as if they necessarily or naturally preceded "The Jungle Book," "The Adventures of Robin Hood," and "Robinson Crusoe," but such an order need by no means be invariable. Some acquaintance with Indian, Germanic, and Greek myths children may well acquire very early, but a natural development will for years leave unabated their appetite for the

great stories in which myth and legend have been embodied. Until adults have ceased to be moved by the tale of Helen and of the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles and all the woes that followed from it; until they cease to read with interest the story of the wanderings of Odysseus, and give over the ever-renewed effort to follow him by sea and land and fix upon their map every town and island and inlet that harbored him, we need not fear to bring children again and again into contact with these stories of the Trojan war and of the heroic age that preceded it. For the years we are now considering various versions are accessible, and it is important that we choose with eyes open to the significance of our choice. It is a pity that reverence for the genius of Hawthorne has made it natural for many to choose his versions of the earliest myths, the stories, for instance, of Cadmus and Europa, of Pandora, and of Persephone. To reduce the heroes of Greek imagination and tradition to childish stature and mind; to transform the great god Hermes to the fairy Quicksilver; in the great myths of the soul and of life and death and immortality to reduce Psyche and Persephone to children, is to make such havoc of the noble and serious life of Greece as we should make of Jewish life if we presented Joseph in Egypt and Moses on Sinai as mere children. Such changes distort the vision and make it permanently difficult to get a serious and true conception of a people. Greece counts for too much

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in all intelligent life to make one patient with such a travesty. And children, too, have a right to honest and serious treatment in such a matter. Kingsley's versions, wherever they parallel Hawthorne's, are vastly to be preferred. For the fanciful prettiness and playfulness of Hawthorne he gives us plain strength and seriousness, courage and steadfastness and beauty. He gives, too, what all must have felt who have come into contact with the Greek spirit in Homer and the great dramatists, — something of its deeply religious aspect, of its grave and noble sense of dependence on the unseen gods and the shadowy, inscrutable, austere fate embracing all. For the Trojan tales Church provides what we need at this point. He has a keen eye for what is essential in a story, and he has the gift of serious, straightforward narrative. We may trust him till the later years, when boys and girls are ready for Homer himself in one of the standard translations of the last century.

As should be clearly seen, in all that has been said so far the intention is not so much to lay down a fixed course as to suggest the principles that should govern our choice of material to be used in the first four years. To call into play the already developed powers of young children, the literature we give them must embody a relatively simple world. It must in the main call for the exercise of the primary affections and duties — to use Matthew Arnold's fine phrase — that enter into even the simplest life,

even into child consciousness. At the same time it may well give this world of familiar affections and duties a setting that is less familiar. Through this, and the wider outlook thus involved, the new objects and relations about which affections and duties are thus made to centre, it may enlarge the world in which the minds of children are active, and give their emotional and volitional life a new intelligence and strength. To insure health in this new development, the world into which we lead children through literature must avoid those subtler entanglements of feelings and duties that are more or less inevitable in adult life in our complex modern world. At the same time, it may, it should, make increasing demands upon minds and hearts and wills to understand new aspects of life, to feel through intelligent sympathy the emotions there active, to form judgments of actions in circumstances in some respects new to experience, and through sympathy to throw the force of the will to the side chosen by the judgment. Further to secure to this development the unconsciousness and the pleasure that are the conditions of health, the literature we use must be indeed literature, an artistic embodiment of life, the work of the selective judgment and creative imagination, whether concentrated in the single artist, or diffused, as apparently it was in the earlier days, through a whole people. Perhaps we should add that this embodiment of human life cannot be a true embodi-

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ment for either adult or child unless it embody along with human life the manifold life of the earth, unless it give us some sense of the reach of its skies, the labor of its elements, the pressure of all its life, animate and inanimate, on the life of man. It is at least doubtful if these conditions can be so well met by any other forms of literature as by the folk and fairy tale, by heroic myth and legend and the great tales in which they are imbedded, and by that other great form of literature to which we now turn, poetry.

The reasons for the employment of poetry here and throughout the course lie deep. They are imbedded in the very nature of man, in the life of body and soul. All that has hitherto been said of literature in general, and of its function in developing life into a larger and larger maturity of experience, applies to poetry. All that has been said of specific forms of prose literature and of their possible service applies with equal force to corresponding forms of poetry. But beyond all this, poetry has claims of its own, is capable of another service as fundamental as this, but more subtle, less easily analyzed. Without it we should miss some things that could ill be spared. Certain instincts that are awakened before the child can yet distinguish an articulate word, and that are capable of developing into sources of pleasure of a high and noble kind, would be ignored, and ignored to the impoverishment of the whole life. Psychologists and philosophers

have yet to show us the ultimate cause of our susceptibility to pleasure from musical tone and rhythmic movement. To some of us, this pleasure seems to be of that organic sort which for any life or any organ of life inevitably follows the fulfillment of the inner law of its being, which in some degree also springs up in us at the recognition of such fulfillment of a natural inherent law anywhere in the universe. Surely we employ no mere figure when we speak of rhythm as a fundamental law of life, of the stars in their courses, of the tides that wash the shores of earth, of the storms that sweep across its continents, of the physical and psychical life of men. And when rhythm becomes audible, makes appeal to the ear, we feel an imperfection in it unless it be musical. It is as if musical tone were the natural, the proper, voice of rhythm. Our pleasure in the two would thus seem to be, as we have said, inevitable, organic, the natural response of life to the fulfillment of its law. However this may be, the existence of the susceptibility to this pleasure, even at a very early age, is unmistakable. The possibility, also, of associating it with emotional development, with moral development — in the broadest sense of the word moral — has long been recognized. The development of this early instinct should not be left to music alone. From the first poetry should be called to the aid of music. If this has not been done at home, the school will find the instinct relatively dwarfed, and must therefore

make more persistent effort to call it out and train it into a larger and more intelligent life, while preserving jealously all its original spontaneity. Of course this means not only that poems should form a part of the course throughout, but that they should be read or recited by the teacher with full consciousness of their poetic nature, full recognition in tone and movement that they are not mere words significant of ideas, but such words set to music that is significant of emotion. It is the subtle power of tone and rhythm over the emotions that exalts poetry above prose, and makes us turn to it with such certainty to further all our ends in teaching literature. A vehicle of thought as truly as prose, poetry is, far more than prose, an inspirer of the higher life, a begetter of the nobler emotions. Issue of the poet's spirit at a moment of intensest life and clearest vision, it carries with it all the quickening potencies of that spirit. But, to make it serve us truly, we must respect the law of its being, that inner necessity of the spirit which makes it flow in rhythmic movement and sing as it flows.

In poetry, as in prose, the range of literature is well-nigh the range of life itself. Child life, though undeveloped and meagre in comparison with adult life, is nevertheless life. It, too, demands for its satisfaction action and thought and feeling. The action that satisfies it at first may be simple, even crude, may to adult consciousness be fantastic; but it must involve some real play of the powers of

mind and body to the achievement of an end. The thought may be of the simplest, may call for the simplest exercise of the mind in perceiving, conceiving, and judging; and the world created by these processes may be after all of a topsy-turvy order without disturbing the equanimity and rational satisfaction of young children. The feeling, too, may be but germinal, it may ignore objects that would provoke emotion in adults, and be lavished on objects to which adults are almost oblivious; or it may respond sensitively even to the finer emotional experience of those same adults. But feelings of a very human kind even little children must get from literature, if they are to get from it satisfaction and the sense and the reality of life.

For the earliest years of childhood Mother Goose melodies are capital. Even on entering school children have by no means outgrown their pleasure in them, and in whatsoever rhymes and jingles are fortunate enough to catch the Mother Goose tone and mirror the Mother Goose world. They are still easily at home in that fantastic world where animals are very human, and even dumb inanimate objects grow animate and speak. The images presented here are simple and vivid, the stories tantalizingly brief, but satisfying the desire for action. And the rhythm is imperious. No child, left to himself, can fail to mark the beat in "Little Jack Horner" or "Little Boy Blue" or "Lady Bird, Lady Bird," or in any one of that delightful company.

Charles Eliot Norton in his "Heart of Oak Books" has gathered a precious store of Mother Goose and similar rhymes and jingles; others with more or less sure instinct for the right thing have followed him; and we may rejoice that even the makers of First Readers are at last admitting rhymes with the stamp of actual poetry into pages so long sacred to the cat and the rat and all the changes rung on their names.

Since "Mother Goose" no one has deserved so well of children, and of all who keep even lingering memories of the sights and sounds of the child world, the tremors, the exultations, the adventures, the wonder, the matter-of-factness of childhood, its forebodings, its passions, its bereavements, its heroisms, its business, and its dreams, — no one has deserved so well of children or of those who keep a vestige of the child heart as Stevenson in "A Child's Garden of Verses." All the everyday world of children as their elders see it may be divined there; and all the reach of that world into the unknown, the mysterious, the dreamed of, the desired, the yet-to-be, as children know it, is presented in clear image or in vague, fugitive, yet revealing suggestion. And again the rhythm and the melody are true to the life they incorporate. Almost as direct and as seemingly simple as in Mother Goose, they are less imperious. They have yielded something of their dominance for the greater fitness to express the richer life of expanding

powers. They are adjusted to finer perceptions, are the voice and movement of shyer impulses, of dawning wonder, and subtle fears. They are equal to the simple satisfaction and certainty of the "Looking Forward," the plain child moralizing of "System" and the "Whole Duty of Children," the outburst of a "Happy Thought;" and they can suggest the shadowy undefined fears of "Windy Nights," the secret sense of fullness of life and adventure in "The Land of Story Books," the simple content and sunshine of the meadow world of "The Cow," the wistfulness of the child at the window watching the lamplighter, and the lurking, unseen, crowding dangers that must be braved in the "Shadow March." And this happy harmony between the variety and fullness of child life experience in these verses and the melody and rhythm in which they are conveyed brings Stevenson by right into the daily life of the schoolroom. The child is rare who does not love him; the child soul is strangely cabined and confined that does not with him come into a wider outlook, a sweeter friendliness with his little world, and perhaps also a more persistent wonder as to what lies beyond.

Nothing can take the place of Mother Goose and Stevenson, but not even from the first do these supply all the needs for whose satisfaction we turn to poetry. The child world, as we must never forget, is not a world apart and distinct from the full-grown world. If it were, and if children could be kept

wholly within it, they would remain forever children. If they are to grow naturally into men and women, there must be ever about them a richer world than they can yet fully conceive. And from this richer world must come not only the elements of their present life in forms which they easily recognize and appropriate to immediate use; there must come also a stimulus and a challenge, a call to powers that are but just astir in them. Busy in the affairs of their little world, they must now and then catch glimpses of distant horizons, hear tones that move them with the sense of unwonted sweetness and promise of joy. Even while getting full measure of satisfaction from the life that is and the natural exercise of wonted powers, they must feel the presence, the pressure, and the allurements of a larger life and of powers but half divined. Better than prose, poetry can serve this need. Its greater command of rhythm and of melody, and therefore of the emotions and the inarticulate life experience out of which thought must yet grow, makes it entirely safe to use with little children many poems not written for them, and not even primarily adapted to them.

Notable among such poems is "Hiawatha." In writing it Longfellow had no special thought of children. His meaning was to gather the fugitive traditions of a vanishing race, to give them something of continuity and wholeness by linking them with the life of a hero to whom the remnants of

a people looked as to a leader in the heroic past, a possible savior from the dark ways of the present. He found his hero in the shadows of the forest, on the shores of the great lakes, by fitful campfires, in blazing sunsets across dark waters. He belonged to the early world marked by the kindliness of kinship between man and bird and beast and tree. Tradition linked him with the world of the elements, too, with the struggle of the winds, and with the shining moon. And for the instrument to use in telling this story of a life so human, yet so much a part of nature, too, Longfellow hit upon a simple unrhymed measure, half lyric, half recitative, and capable, in an artist's hands, of fitful plaintiveness and sweetness, of tones caught from the pine forests and whispering brooks, from waving grasses in sunshiny meadows, and from the wail and rush of winds. It is not merely the child life of Hiawatha that holds children, though they love this and like to linger in it. They love also the forest world, the life in the open, the brightness and the sadness and the struggle of the lives of old Nokomis, of Hiawatha, and Minnehaha, and the ancient Arrow-maker. They love the companionship of Hiawatha and Kwasind and Chibiabos. They recognize in them, as in Theseus and Perseus, heroes whose labor it is to clear the world of monsters and make it fit for men,—the guardians of their people. They get some sense of the pathos of all this procession of life, as well as of the beauty of it and its active joy.

And they get all this rich experience from the poem in spite of its having been written primarily for men and women, with no concession either in diction or in general conception and handling to childish vocabularies and understandings. That it is worth while for them to get it, that their lives are enriched by it, who shall deny?

Of many a shorter poem than "Hiawatha" much the same thing can be said. We are under no compulsion to restrict ourselves to poems written for children, or even about them. We may indeed make free use of some of the poems about children by, say, Eugene Field and Riley; but, on the other hand, some of their poems about children appeal mainly to adults, and call for a knowledge that comes only from a deeper and more complex experience of life than childhood can yet compass even in sympathy. Yet if they are presented in broad outline, simply, and with a rhythm and melody that really interpret, children enter gladly into experiences of life that at first sight are far beyond them. Thus it happens that we may find material in what at first would be unexpected places. Even Browning has some things that steal into child souls. Shakespeare can be drawn on for songs that will go on singing in mysterious beauty in child minds. Wordsworth has some simple and direct little out-of-door poems and poems of animal and bird life that hold children, though not written for them. Even some of his more subtly felt poems charm children by their music and an

occasional simple and vivid image. And "Lucy Gray," once heard, is demanded over and over. William Blake, mystic as he was, yet supplies a handful of lyrics for early use. Children will not grasp all that is suggested even in so simple a poem as "Infant Joy;" but what they do grasp makes direct appeal to their sympathies, and what eludes their understanding sets feeling and imagination astir, though groping. Tennyson offers a generous group of poems, always including "The Brook." The child will be forever the poorer to whom "The Brook" has not sung its song of shallows and sunshiny bars, of darting gleams of fish in the transparent depths, of wild fowl afloat on the surface, of overhanging ferns, and rippling waters, and sun and shadow. Emerson, true poet as he was always in instinct and sometimes in expression, speaks to the wise in a few poems that children, too, can live in. Lowell gives us "The First Snowfall," with its heartache and the beauty and the silence of the snow and the sweetness of love along with the pain of bereavement. Through whatever intuitions of sorrow and realities of love it makes its way into child hearts, it will live there forever, and spring to memory as the seasons bring the falling flakes. Whittier is rich in largess for us. "My Playmate," "The Witch's Daughter," "Telling the Bees," "The Pipes at Lucknow," and "In School Days" were not written for children, but wise children know their own when they hear them, and take them to

their hearts. The Cary sisters were too much given to moralizing, but they may add a very few to our chosen poems, as may William and Mary Howitt. William Allingham, with his Celtic play of dance and song and tears and laughter and touches of the unseen world, cannot be spared. Celia Thaxter must be included. One woman at least will never forget the haunting charm of the sea and the twilight and the loneliness of the gathering storm that she first felt when, at maybe ten years old, she read Mrs. Thaxter's "The Sandpiper," nor how all the joy in the sea tones and color and movement and loneliness that she had first learned from Mrs. Thaxter in childhood came over her, when, a far-lander by birth, she set foot on Appledore and White Island and climbed the lighthouse tower. Perhaps no other of her poems has quite the haunting charm of this for those children who are born to be lovers of the sea wherever their lot is cast; but she has poem after poem of kindred, if lesser, attractiveness and power. Other New Englanders may help us, too. Bryant and Holmes may contribute to our needs, and Longfellow adds some shorter poems to "Hiawatha."

Even this fragmentary and cursory list of poems and poets, easily accessible and in one way or another adapted to our use in the first school years, suggests how rich is the poetic world from which we may draw. Long as it is, it must seem to every one who reads it very incomplete. Each of us has

his own memory of childhood favorites, his own little group of poems tested by his own pleasure as a child and their life in his memory since, or by trial with groups of other children in school and out. No two groups will quite agree. No two teachers would be equally successful with any group of such poems. Each teacher must be left great freedom of choice, but not the freedom of leaving out poetry altogether, nor, let us hope, freedom to use commonplace, mawkish, versified prose for poetry. Good nonsense verse is, on the contrary, legitimate for children as for adults, and we may be thankful for Edward Lear, and Lewis Carroll, and Carolyn Wells. But to remain good, nonsense verse must be used sparingly. For daily sustenance the child's soul has a right to beauty and harmony, to true thought and serious poetic utterance.

III

LITERATURE AND THE SECOND FOUR YEARS OF SCHOOL LIFE

WHATEVER periods of development we may recognize in child life, the process of growth is, after all, too continuous to permit the drawing of arbitrary lines. In seeking to further a true psychical development through literature, therefore, we may not say, "What we have chosen thus far is good only for these years. After this we must provide something of a wholly different sort." Much of the literature we have already named for use in the first four years might readily be carried over into the next four, and be found equally valuable there. Always it is life we are seeking to nourish, and always it remains true that life is nourished, even as it is begotten, by life alone. Lives of children, as of adults, differ in the intensity of the self-activity that characterizes them, and, probably for this reason, differ also in their power of extracting from the life that surrounds and conditions them sustenance for their own continued existence and growth. But that life must be of an intense activity indeed, with strange power of appropriation and assimilation, that in four years shall have exhausted the life sup-

plies available for nourishment in the tales so far named, or their equivalents. The child of six begs to hear "The Jungle Book" over and over. The boy or girl of ten reads it as eagerly as the child once listened to it. The continued eagerness is evidence enough that the book still supplies something that life is hungry for. So it is likewise with "Robin Hood," and with all myth and legend and heroic story. The elements of wonder, of heroism, of seriousness and humor, and the beginnings of romance, which supply the almost unconscious needs of children below ten, will nurse also the half-consciousness of boys and girls above ten, awakening slowly to a recognition of wider bounds of life, of new ambitions, and something more of responsibility and duty.

If this is true of the prose tales we have discussed, it is more deeply true of the poetry. Whatever be its direct speech, its revelation of life through the bare meaning of its words, poetry, more than prose, gives fullness to its revelation through suggestion. Every life experience is inextricably involved in a myriad others. It is what it is because it is the experience of one who has already come into contact with life in this wise and that, and taken up into his own life these other experiences. To see it wholly, to feel it truly, we must see, however dimly, and feel, however vaguely, this background of life from which it emerges. We must see and feel the potencies and realities of being into which the life has

grown through all its experience. This background of life and this fullness of being, poetry, through its rhythm and its melody, and also through its greater freedom of image and its greater frankness of mood, reveals more surely than prose can reveal it. It goes even further, and through tone and movement gives, as it were, prophetic intimations of powers still slumbering in the depths of being, but stirring in slumber, and ready to be called into full consciousness by the further touch of life. There is no one age, therefore, to which a given poem makes appeal. Provided only a poem be a true poem, we may use it at widely different points in our course. We may even use the same poem again and again. From renewed contact with it at different stages of psychic life, as from continued or renewed contact with family life, with a beautiful character or a noble landscape, children will gain a wider vision, will pierce deeper in insight, and be made capable of finer responses to life itself.

In grouping the school years by fours, then, we are drawing no arbitrary lines. At the same time, four years of life in school and out have very great significance. Boys and girls of ten, while they have not left childhood behind them, are already feeling out after a wider existence than that of little childhood. They have already touched life at a good many more points, and, wherever they have touched it, have established a relation of some sort with it. These relations they are living in actively, although

to define them may well be altogether beyond their power. As the relations they thus establish multiply, their demands on life increase, and if on life, then also on literature. Whatever we offer them now must have substance and form that will satisfy these increased conscious needs. And as always, it must be capable of nourishing also the life needs that are embryonic in the present, and only in the fullness of time are to come into conscious activity.

As always and everywhere, it is life they demand, and it is life we must give them. In common with most adults, it is still concrete life that they want, and, like most adults still, they prefer it in story form. We cannot yet, if ever, leave stories behind. We must still be willing to centre the interest on action. But, as time passes, action may be mingled with a little more description than heretofore in the prose, to make the eye more curious to see and quick to recognize changing aspects of earth and sky, the moods of that earth life which makes the background and the setting for human action, and sometimes becomes itself an actor in it. Reflection, too, may increase in prominence and significance. By this is meant not moralizing, but thinking. We may use stories that do not merely present an action, but show the author's mind busily engaged in thought upon both action and actors. An author may go further and not be debarred from use in these years from ten upward. He may do more than merely estimate and interpret acts and actors.

He may present them both in such wise as to fall in with the mood of those who are beginning to be curious as to life itself, who find in their minds now and then half-formed questions as to its meaning and what makes it happy or unhappy, beautiful or ugly. An author may do this directly through reflection that is confessedly his own, or he may do it indirectly through the thought, the perplexities, the decision, and the indecision of characters in his story. Nowhere in these years should we use pieces of literature that make such queries and such reflection the main thing. They should in the main be held in solution, as it were, in the story, and the story itself must continue to be the centre of conscious interest. Moreover, the temper of whatever we read, the general moral atmosphere, should be sympathetic with life. It need not be, it should not be, sympathetic with everything in life. An infinite vision may possibly see all things in life in such relations that not merely no person, but no act, is shut out from sympathy. With the vision that is possible for man, however, the very truth of sympathy with the heart of life, with its essentials, with all that makes it sweet and generous and worthy, must sometimes kindle indignation with what would debase or impoverish it. Sympathy with life and human fate sometimes thus takes on the guise of indignation, sometimes of irony, sometimes of humor. We must, no doubt, be sparing in our use of books in which sympathy becomes thus militant, but lovers of

the Hebrew prophets, of Dante, of Thackeray, of Lamb, Lowell, Whittier, and Mark Twain — to risk an anticlimax by instancing examples through a wide range of time and power and spirit — could hardly consent to the total exclusion of books in which this is true. In demanding a temper that is fundamentally sympathetic with life, then, we by no means reject stories that are touched with scorn, with satire or humor, any more than we reject stories that picture hardship and suffering. We want boys and girls to love and honor life, real life as it actually exists on this poor old earth ball — on this glorious earth ball. It will by no means serve our purpose, then, to show life always as a happy idyl, as in the old-time pastorals. Even in them we find heartaches now and then; and in life itself there is many a heartache to be borne, many a failure to be lived through, many a wrong to be repented of or put up with, as well as kindness that fills the heart, magnanimity that makes us humble, and fellowship that strikes courage into us to do and bear all. We fall sometimes below ourselves; now and then we mount a little. We cling fast to human hands, and so clinging, helping and helped, we make our way, not altogether happy, but not all unhappy, either; and somehow through it all we find life growing a worthier thing, and human beings more and more our fellows. We believe in life and in men in a deeper sense than would be possible without this experience of effort and endurance and

failure and suffering, as well as of ease and simple pleasure and unquestioned success. We need not fear to show boys and girls all this. We need not fear even to show them the injustice, the unfair conditions, that are everywhere in life, if we show these in their true relation to ignorance and purpose, and if we show them also, what are likewise everywhere in life, justice and generosity and the noble will.

Manifestly what has here been said of the range of life that may be presented in the second four years of school life has in view the whole period. The early years of the period are on the borderland of little childhood. The last years lie so near the bounds of young womanhood and manhood that in them eager spirits are already peering across the borders. The literature to be used in the first of these years is scarcely differentiated from the tales that earliest childhood loves. The literature of the last year, if only it be not too speculative and problematic in spirit and too intimately personal in tone, may handle all the great primal relations with seriousness and dignity.

It is a curious irony of fate that makes it possible to link such stories as "Sindbad" and "Aladdin" with "Gulliver's Travels," and place them all in the hands of children who but a little while ago were reveling in "Cinderella" and "Beauty and the Beast." The tales from the "Arabian Nights," to be sure, are at home in such folk-tale company.

But Swift's grim satire on life Swift himself might smile to see so consorted. Nevertheless it is here that it belongs. Let it be read in after years and in its entirety by all means, if any wish to probe the gloomy depths of that wonderful mind and laugh its sardonic laugh at the weaknesses, the frivolities, the conceits, the futilities, the insincerity, the treachery, the baseness, and the uncleanness of man. But for all this the school has no place, either in elementary or in secondary grades. It is as a story of curious adventure that we should use it, of ingenious contrivance, fruitful fancy, and amusing humor. The Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians are enough for us; we may let Laputa and the Houyhnhnms go. It is not the least of the book's merits that, while boys and girls are fascinated by its adventure and its humor, they are getting acquainted with English prose of a most admirable kind, simple, direct, vigorous, and idiomatic. The "Arabian Nights" tales cannot plead such distinction of English style, but their charm, even for us of English speech, is certainly attested by their sway over generations of readers. Some school officials, over-careful in a narrow sense, would exclude them on the ground of their defective morals. Some of these stories we certainly should not choose for our school literature, but the most lasting favorites need not be condemned on this ground. Even in these we feel ourselves, no doubt, in a world organized on lines very different from our own,

with both definable and indefinable differences in attitude toward things of consequence in life. This, however, is no new thing to boys and girls who have been nurtured at home and in school on Old Testament stories and on classic, Germanic, and Indian myth and legend. This contact with divergent civilizations and varying standards of life is necessary to the development of a broad and sympathetic intelligence. It is inevitable soon or late in our modern world. It is most beneficent when it comes first as an early and natural experience, where the mind for a long time accepts the deviation from the familiar social and political order as a part of the general strangeness of the story, and is not moved to curious speculation upon it. Such speculation will come in time, and will rightly come when experience in books and out has supplied both more abundant material and a due maturity of mind. To boys and girls of ten and eleven these things are, in the main, merely a part of the setting of the story, to be accepted as they accept the given conditions of a game, or as at a later day they will accept ghosts in Elizabethan drama.

In these same years we are not so far from fairy and folklore that we may not use such a tale as Ruskin's "King of the Golden River." Closely akin to the older tales in such external aspects as its framework of incident, it is not wholly unlike them even in its inner nature. It makes the same demand for kindness and honesty and sympathy and stout-

hearted endurance of trials as essential attributes of the nature that is held up for admiration. It is more conscious, however, of making these demands. And it somehow enlarges the domain in which these attributes are to be manifested. It extends the field for the exercise of sympathy and fellowship. And in its conception of social service and responsibility it belongs distinctly to these latter days. It is by the points in which it resembles the more primitive work that it first catches the attention of the intermediate years. It is by its subtle divergence from that work that it ministers to the finer needs of the developing spirit. Its charm of style serves both ends. It holds the attention in the first place, and, by enveloping the author's conception of life with an atmosphere of beauty, it invests the conception itself with charm.

It is charm of style and intensity of sympathy with child life and with the soul surcharged with the divine impulse of genius that makes "The Nürnberg Stove" and "A Dog of Flanders" so fascinating and so serviceable to us here. The latter makes a peculiarly powerful appeal, with its direct and simple picture of the old man and the little child and the dog. It is pathetic, it is even bitter at times, but it is none the worse for its pathos, and the bitterness we need not dwell upon so as to make it hurt. Most children will pass it by to live in the beautiful comradeship of Nello and Patrasche, and to feel, however vaguely, something of Nello's won-

der, something of his worship of the great pictures at Antwerp, something of the meaning of genius. And if they see and resent the cruelty and injustice of some things in Nello and Patrasche's fate, what else could we wish for them? These things are everywhere in the world. We cannot hide them from growing boys and girls. They make the heartache and the bitterness of life. Yet they spring more often than not from blindness and weakness and misunderstanding, however hardness and stubbornness may enhance them. To leave them altogether out of what we read with boys and girls would be, as far as we can control the conditions that surround them, to let them grow up in a fool's paradise wholly unlike the world in which they must spend their lives. It is better that their hearts should ache with sympathetic pain and burn with the indignant resentment of sympathy than that their eyes should never be quickened to see these things as they are, to see unkindness and coldness and injustice in their essential ugliness. The man and the woman who shut their eyes to the ugly things in this goodly world never see rightly its real goodliness. They may be very amiable beings, too, but it is not to them we turn in need. We want boys and girls to grow up larger natured, clearer eyed, more actively benignant, with sympathies that shall lead them not merely to smile upon a smiling earth, but to lend themselves to the betterment of the evil conditions that make this same

smiling earth to so many a stern habitation. They cannot reach such a maturity at a bound; they must grow into it. And one of the conditions of such growth is acquaintance all along with books that show the evil and the good, the ugly and the beautiful, in their true relation and proportions, and through sympathy and judgment enlist the will in the service of the good and the beautiful. "A Dog of Flanders" is but one of such books. It is not for this individual book that the plea is made here, but for the type of book it represents. This particular story, however, has a double claim on our consideration. One has been sufficiently pointed out. The other has barely been touched upon. It is its handling of art and its picture of the art impulse struggling into conscious life in the soul of the boy Nello. The merit of its handling of these two things lies in its suggestiveness. A child reader may be almost unconscious of their presence. Yet he can hardly live in Nello's life without feeling at least Patrasche's wonder as to what drew the boy's feet to the Cathedral, without longing to see the curtain lifted from the pictures above the altar, without being stirred with some sense of the power of that which could so move the soul of Nello. All this will not avail to make him appreciate great art at sight, but it will avail to create in him a readiness to believe in it, and a desire to understand it and to feel its power.

Some of us who were so fortunate as to have Dr.

Brown's story of Pet Marjorie put into our hands even in our little childhood remember that it, too, served to rouse in us an abiding wonder as to genius and its meaning. We followed Scott with the child in the neuk of his plaid through the stormy streets of Edinburgh till we reached the warmth and light of his study. And there we listened with him while the marvelous child recited the great speeches of Constance from "King John;" and the contagion of Scott's emotion as he listened sent a thrill along our veins, and somehow opened up the meaning of grief, made the queen's words live in memory, and stirred our wonder both at the poet and his words, and at the mysterious something in the child that gave her such power over the man who listened. We did not know then that it was genius that was moving him in the poet's words and in the child, but we felt the effect of genius, and life had made a distinct gain thereby.

Besides the story of Marjorie, Dr. Brown has given us a whole group of stories admirably adapted to the years we are now concerned with. Foremost of these is, of course, "Rab and his Friends." But we ought not altogether to overlook the collection of stories included under the head of "Our Dogs." They are dog stories, and therefore almost inevitably also boy and man stories. For the dog's life is all but inseparably associated with human life in reality, and certainly in Dr. Brown's stories is so associated. They are faithful stories, simple, direct,

and true. They do not sentimentalize the life of either dog or man, but they respect both dog nature and man nature, and therefore present both with dignity.

“Rab and his Friends” deserves more than passing mention for its special value in the last two years of the elementary course. These years have troubles of their own. They are awkward years, years of widening curiosity and growing independence, of reverence and irreverence strangely mingled, of quickened allegiance to ideals and of restiveness under actual conditions. We need to move somewhat warily if we are now to help boys and girls through literature to a saner vision of life and a closer grasp of truth. They must have what will satisfy their growing desire for fullness of life, and what will appease and make or keep healthy their keener curiosity as to human relations, — the relation of individual to individual, and of the individual to society and the state. They must find healthy exercise for deepening powers of loyalty and admiration and reverence; for hearty laughter, even, and manly scorn. They must have what will help them to find their way to a new and better adjustment of life under a growing complexity of conditions. And they ought to have all this with the least possible direct reference to themselves, the least possible incitement to awkward self-consciousness. The great novels of George Eliot and Thackeray, which in the last high school years are

so helpful in meeting needs of the individual similar to some of these, are out of place here in the elementary school. They are too complex, present too many phases of life, deal with too many problems in the social and moral lives of men and women, probe too deep into the emotional life, for us to enter into detailed study and discussion of them with these younger boys and girls. Yet this very social, moral, and emotional life of men and women is just now beginning to make a stronger appeal to these same boys and girls than ever before. They need peculiarly now to get some sense of the essential dignity and nobleness of human love, its permanent meaning and beauty in life. The poets here, as elsewhere, will be of the utmost service. In prose I know not where we can turn with more confidence than to "Rab and his Friends." The direct narrative, the objective form, the naturalness of the manner, the unexaggerated sincerity with which the story is told, its reserved revelation of human love and suffering and sorrow, and the courage and intelligent, steadfast loyalty of Rab, make the story sound to the core.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" is another story that a teacher of skill and intelligence can use here with profit. Like "Rab and his Friends," it is not a novel. It is not primarily a love story. Nor does it tell the story of any one life and the problems of that life in getting possession of itself and adjusting itself to its world. It is less a unit than a novel should

be, less a unit than the story of *Rab*. Its name suggests the centre of such unity as marks it. It is the social life of the village of Cranford; but for the stray presence or rumor of a man now and then it is the little group of village ladies with their primness, their conventionalities, their misunderstandings, their whimsical notions of all sorts, their fine honesty and kindness, thoroughbred both, that makes the staple of the book. But though the story is slight and the scene laid in a very narrow world, Mrs. Gaskell somehow manages to find the essentials of life even in that world. The tragedy and the comedy of life, and its pathos, are there. Its pettiness elbows its greatness. And all is seen and told with a sympathy so genuine and a reserve so fine that we are no more ashamed of the tears it starts than of the smiles. The humor of the book is delightful. Boys and girls may miss some of its subtler turns, but they will feel its presence sufficiently to find the book sane, sound, and wholesome. And they can hardly live in that atmosphere of kindness and self-respecting integrity and dignity without a bracing of the moral fibre and the gain of a finer sense of what may be demanded of the self.

In Irving, too, we find much of what is essential for these later elementary years. Like Mrs. Gaskell he combines humor and pathos in his sketches of life, traits that are admittedly each the more valuable for the combination. Unhappy the mortal who does not find in himself a susceptibility to each.

But pathos alone runs the risk of becoming mawkish; and humor alone may lose itself in vagaries that border on coarseness. Both alike mark a mind fundamentally sympathetic with life, — a vision clear enough to see the incongruities between action and purpose, the contrasts between desire and fulfillment, the abiding needs of the soul, the momentary vanities and the rebuffs of fortune, at once near at hand so as to realize what they mean to the individual, and in perspective remote enough to bring them into their due proportion to the life of the universe. The combination of the two, humor and pathos, gives Irving his genuinely human tone, and, with his urbanity, assures us that we are in the presence of a gentleman, in the finer sense of the term. Needless to say, this is of immense value to us in these early years of transition from childhood to youth, whether for boys or for girls.

Some of Hawthorne's less sombre studies and sketches of life are available here. "The Great Stone Face" and some of the sketches in the "Mosses from an Old Manse" have his charm of suggestive reflection and wonder, his power of insight, his pervasive, fanciful humor, and his haunting allurements of style, without the shadow which sometimes lowers too darkly over his work to make it well for us to use it in school. The boys and girls we have in mind may not altogether appreciate his work, nor perceive the elements of its power, but they will find in him much that appeals to the

larger nature that is developing in them, to their quickened sensitiveness to ideals, and to the power of personality.

It is to be hoped that the somewhat infrequent mention made nowadays of Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten" does not mean the book is no longer read. The vivid enthusiasm of the book, its picture of idealizing devotion to the memory of Harry Wadsworth, the glamour and the reality of its faith in the contagion of sympathy and love and service, make it still a book for the teacher's desk or a handy shelf in the library, even if it get crowded out of the classroom. And surely in their early teens every boy and girl should have the joy of reading "The Man without a Country." They may not feel its grip on their hearts as our fathers and mothers felt it, when it came out in the dark days of the Civil War. They may not read it with the passion of sympathy it evoked when armies were striving to make real that early thoughtless dream of Philip Nolan, and lovers of the united country were learning from the danger of loss what the possession of a country meant. But the vivid reality of the story, the impetuous folly of the lad, the long dreariness and heartache of his atoning exile, his final passionate loyalty, his lifelong hunger to hear of the land he had cursed, — these things must surely tug at their heartstrings, must give new meanings to home and patriotism and loyalty and real manliness and independence.

In a different field Francis Parkman's "Oregon Trail" has great value. It captivates by its color, its movement, its vigor. It gives a conception not easily lost of the plains, of outdoor life and adventure, of manliness and daring and endurance. It may well arouse pupils to intelligent questioning along historical lines, and give impetus to independent reading. It must certainly avail to give background and perspective to their conceptions of the West and of what was involved in its settlement. It must help them to link themselves and the present to that not far away past, so easily forgotten, but so fundamental to an understanding of the present.

Outdoor literature of another sort should find place in these later elementary years. Except in large cities, actual life should surely by this time have given both boys and girls some freedom of contact with the outdoor world. Whether or not they have in that world the interest even of beginners in the study of science, they should at all events have for it the love that springs from its association with pleasures. Games of all sorts should have made their feet quick to respond to the spring of the turf. The old migrating instinct, if nothing else, must have sent them on long rambles through the woods or over prairie fields in the burgeoning days of April and May. And when the woods are wrought to stillness on frosty mornings and sunny noons of October, the same age-long impulse, merged with the joy of the nut harvest, has surely drawn

their feet afield. The subtle sweetness of the smell of earth has mingled with the joy of free activity. The faint fragrance of wild flowers has made them stoop to lift the shelter of dead leaves and find the hidden blossoms. A fallen tree has tempted them to intervals of rest in the haunting silence of the woods, thrilled by bird calls, by the sense of the multitudinous life of growing things, or on autumn days by the rustle of withered leaves, and the muffled sound of nuts falling on the earth. The little child's instinctive love of domestic animals should by this time have been extended to a multitude of four-footed creatures of field and woods, to birds, and to the myriad insect lives.

Happily there is no dearth of books that appeal vitally to this love of the earth and its life. Some of them so carry with them the breath of the outdoor world, its sights and its sounds and the very feeling of the air, that they may almost avail to call such love into being in those to whom it is yet unknown. Many of these books may be put on an easily accessible shelf in the schoolroom. Some should be read in class. Each of us will plead for his own favorites, but surely all will make sure that White's "Natural History of Selborne" and Walton's "Compleat Angler" be within sight of curious eyes and within reach of exploring fingers. Not all boys and girls in the elementary school will fall under their age-long charm, but we must provide not merely for the mass, but for the individual. The

born lover of the earth has his rights, and should be ministered to as surely as should souls that are less instinctively responsive to the earth's appeal.

To these true earth-lovers Thoreau is early a persuasive and delightful writer. For some he has a charm that none of the later, more popular, and perhaps more learned writers on outdoor topics can quite equal. Nowhere else are the pine needles so elastic under our feet; no air elsewhere is so pungent and inspiring as breathes to us in his pages from Concord pines. No wilderness can allure with prospect of richer discoveries than the woods about Walden Pond. The vein of poetry in him made him open-eyed and open-eared to the shyer sights and sounds of his own neighborhood, and, with his philosophic instinct, availed to relate his native pastures and swamps and hills to the life of the wider earth. Many things in his pages will escape even sympathetic eyes in heads so young as those we are purveying for now. Those we have in mind, however, will find enough to delight them, and some things which they perceive but vaguely will spur curiosity to effort or minister to their half-conscious needs.

On the same shelf with Thoreau belongs John Muir. More learned, more adventurous than Thoreau, he has the same passion for the open air, and a readier companionship with men. More boys and girls will be ready to follow him through the glory of our western forest and mountain world

than will linger in Maine woods or by Walden Pond, or on the Concord River or Cape Cod sand hills, with Thoreau. His mind and heart are clean and sound and ardent and humane. His words are vivid, instinct with life, and kindle in others something of the enthusiasm that inspires themselves.

Will John Burroughs let us shortly take his books into the classroom if we first add to our shelves some of the books that have fallen under his ban? Thompson-Seton and William Long may or may not be absolutely trustworthy observers. Possibly their readiness to believe in the power of the lower animals to think may color some of their interpretations of animal behavior where Mr. Burroughs would give a truthfully colorless report. But some of us cannot conceive that even the reports of Mr. Burroughs can be true unless animals have some measure of reason. And we are not afraid that the writers he thus condemns will seriously mislead children as to scientific fact. They indisputably attract children to the outdoor world, beget curiosity, nourish kindness, open the eyes, and direct the vision. Boys and girls who are not sensitive to the charm of Thoreau or Muir, or even at first to Burroughs, may make their way to these through the more widely attractive stories of woods and fields and mountains by Thompson-Seton and Long. Certainly we should have these later writers on our schoolroom shelves. Let us put there, too, such books as Lowell's "My Study Windows" and

Higginson's "Outdoor Papers." Like White and Walton and Thoreau and Muir and Burroughs himself, these must go with us into the high school, too; but some boys and girls are ready for them in the later elementary grades, and should have the privilege of thumbing them there.

Will either literary purists or scientists forgive us if we find room on our shelves for "Ossian?" Not an outdoor book in the sense of these others, its Celtic love of color, its sensitiveness to the tone of wind and wave and tree, and the magic of its presentation of objects in nature, make it a book not to be forgotten by the nature-lover. The high school will provide more readers who will respond to that romantic charm in it which gave it such potency in its own century, but not a few grammar school boys and girls will find pleasure in its outdoor aspects, and gain from it a finer ear for the tone harmonies of nature and a quicker eye for the subtle, the fleeting, the evanescent in color and form.

And Burroughs, as is already implied, we may take into the classroom. His enjoyment of the open air is contagious. He has a quick, sane eye, a fairly sympathetic heart, and vigorous, often picturesque speech. Wherever he goes, he sees things, and makes us see them. He is a boy in interests, with a studious man's knowledge of the things he is interested in, and the gift of exposition and vivid description; therefore he is the best of guides for a walk across fields or through the woods, whatever

the season. All his books should be on our shelves. Different teachers will vary in their choice for class reading. Possibly "Birds and Bees" will be found as widely available as any for the grades. Nurtured on his nature studies, and going afield now and then with one or another of the nature writers previously named, or with the unnamed men and women of the outdoor clan, boys and girls must become more truly sons and daughters of a beautiful earth, must grow into a fullness of life impossible to those who are cut off from such companionship.

Occasionally, as in discussing outdoor books, we have ventured out of the classroom into the school library. The fact that boys and girls of the grammar school, and some even of the intermediate, read easily for themselves inevitably makes our discussion of literature and life in these years take a wider scope than was possible in the discussion of the lower grades. As soon as pupils have the power to read for themselves with any pleasure, it becomes the business of the school to use this power for their richer nurture. The classroom study becomes but the door to the library. Once entered there, they should find abundant means of life. Every interest that has been quickened by literature read with class and teacher should find in the library something both to satisfy it and to develop it further. It would be impossible here, even if it were desirable, to try to name all the books that should be in the library to foster interests that

should be created or quickened by the varied course in prose thus far suggested for the second four years. But before passing on to consider the question of a course in poetry, it may be in place to plead for a few things which are too rarely found on school shelves.

Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" are pretty sure of a place there, but Lamb's version of the Homeric tales should be beside them. So should Butcher and Lang's "Odyssey," Leaf, Lang, and Myers's "Iliad," and Palmer's "Odyssey." Sir Thomas Malory, if not in his own version then in Lanier's "The Boy's King Arthur," should be there — better yet if both be there, and Lanier's "Mabinogion" as well. The "Song of Roland," too, is now accessible for schools. And the boys and girls who may not go on to the high school should have a chance, if they are ready for them, to read these old heroic and romantic tales that have stirred the hearts and imaginations of our noblest. We are hardly ready in the grammar school for class study of the novel, but there are novels that already appeal to some grammar school pupils, and these should be at hand. They will read Scott and Dickens eagerly if they can once get a taste of them. There is no sound reason why they should not read these with the ardor sometimes given to melodrama. If the classroom does its full duty, the appeal of the better book will be stronger than the appeal of the worse. The boys who coarsen through

the reading of "Peck's Bad Boy" might easily have read as eagerly Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," and have found it leading them into a world rich in interest, in humor, in pathos, in beauty, in self-respect. Some of the most delightful books about boys appeal to adults more strongly than to boys themselves. These see boyhood from the adult's angle of vision, see it with the humor and pathos of memory rather than live it with the zest of present activity. Some books manage to do both, and Aldrich's is one of these. So, too, though on a somewhat different plane, is Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." So is William Allen White's "The Court of Boyville." And all these should stand on a shelf with a book which every one will recognize as indispensable, "Tom Brown's School Days." Howells's "A Boy's Town" and Warner's "Being a Boy" find more lovers among adults, but they, too, should be within reach of boys and girls in the grammar school for the sake of those who, even in their first teens, can read with the intuitions of the thirties and forties. It should not be necessary to plead here for shelf room for Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped." Yet some excellent people, alarmed at finding in Stevenson's pages kidnappers and pirates and strange adventure and bloodshed by land and sea, would condemn the books. It must be that such readers are blind to the essential wholesomeness of the tales, their cleanness of heart, their manliness of temper, their integrity of

spirit, their general humaneness of soul. Boys, and girls, too, of grammar school age, in their instinctive desire for adventure, — a desire too little satisfied by life itself, — sometimes reach out after forbidden things in books. By all means let them have adventure in books, but let it be, as in these books by Stevenson, the adventure of heroes whom they may carry with them affectionately into a self-respecting adulthood. Girls need this experience of adventure and excitement in book life as much as boys. Possibly, since actual life conditions confine their actual life experience within much narrower limits, they need this more than boys. This has been far too little recognized, and most so-called books for girls are poor stuff. To be nurtured on them is to be half starved, to grow often into a sickly sentimentality instead of a healthy and varied life of feeling informed and played about by thought and humor. The best safeguards against this are noble poetry and the greater books that were written with no thought of differentiation in age or sex in the minds of their authors, the books that appeal, therefore, to what is fundamentally and essentially human in us all. But when we leave this plane and turn to books that may be classified as boys' books or girls' books we shall generally find the better ones among the former the more human of the two, and the healthier reading for girls as well as boys.

We turn now to poetry. In the discussion of

prose just ended, and in the prose course suggested, we have provided for many needs of boys and girls, for growth in experience and life through stimulating contact with a great range of life experience embodied in myth and tale, in narrative of travel and adventure, in character study and romance, in sketch of neighborhood life, and in open-air studies of the world of nature aside from man. Following such a course sympathetically, boys and girls whose actual lives may have been confined to narrow home neighborhoods and a monotonous existence must be gradually becoming children of the earth, — in a sense, citizens of the world. Through door and window opened thus in the confining walls of their lives, they have looked out on a broader earth. Side by side with men and women in books they have traveled many paths familiar and unfamiliar. Through joy and sorrow and danger and achievement, through aspiration and disappointment and fulfilled desire, through mirth and scorn, through travail of body and soul, through hazards of life and to the portals of death, and in the heaviness and yearning of the heart bereaved, they have lived with the weak and the strong, the dependent, the self-poised, the nobly helpful. They have felt the sunshine, heard bird's song and squirrel's chatter. Children of the inland, they have sailed distant seas and landed in strange ports. Children of the East, they have followed western trails and camped on western

plains. Children of the West, they have sought New England hills and valleys. And everywhere they have been at home. Everywhere they have found the elements of the life they know in themselves. Everywhere the life in themselves has opened to them, in proportion to its own range and intensity, the heart of other lives, and they have entered in and become one with those lives. Thought and feeling alike have been active, and have gained in range and in power. They have been busy with many objects, and have become conscious of a wider reach to life. They have grown both bolder and more sensitive, are readier for world wanderings, and yet cherish the life at home the more for the fullness of meaning they have brought back into it from their more adventurous excursions. If we gave boys and girls no more than this in the second four years in school, we should still have done much, very much, to insure a nobly human development in them as they approach the years of young manhood and young womanhood. But there is more that we should do if possible, more that we may do, if beside this presentation of life in prose we place the finer, completer incarnation of life in poetry.

For these years, as for the earlier years, it remains true that for the finer harmonies of life, the nobler emanations of spirit, we turn to the poets. They give us all that writers in prose can give us, and far more than these they add to the mere meaning of

the word a revelation and interpretation of life through tone and movement and melody, — through music. This, we may again remind ourselves, gives poetry more compelling power over the emotions and the will, a power to linger in the heart, to grow into the life, to abide long in silence, and to spring again into life and song in hours of need. Wordsworth somewhere says that poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. It is that they may drink in this breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, that they may take fire from this ardor of the thinking soul, that we would have boys and girls live long with the poets.

The more perfect fusion of thought and feeling in poetry, and the greater adequacy of verse as an expression of this indissoluble union, make it possible for us to use with children poems in which is incarnated a life experience altogether richer than theirs. We found this true in the first four years of school life, and it remains true of the years we are now dealing with. In considering what poems to use here, we should by no means confine ourselves to the plane of childish experience, nor even of young girl and boy experience. We must have, rather, experience that is broadly human, that grows out of the vital human instincts as these are played upon and called forth by the life of nature, by the social life of man, and the sense of human fate.

Valorous achievement and heroic failure come to us with more absolute challenge when sung by the poet, and duty lays upon us a more absolute command:—

“Though love repine and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply,—
‘T is man’s perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.’”

Some of the old ballads bring home to us with striking power this heroic bending of the will to the performance of duty, though the flesh shrink and the heart repine. “Sir Patrick Spens” does this, and is none the worse for adding to this the flaming up of a worthy individual and national pride against insult. A single ballad like “Edom o’ Gordon” leaves on the heart an ineffaceable picture of the meaning to man and woman and child of the old lawless border warfare of individual against individual and house against house. And other ballads still, by the haunting power of their melody, reveal to us and interpret the yearning of heart to heart, the bitterness of bereavement, the sweetness of love in honest hearts, the joyousness of life in the greenwood. These we may use without fear. Nor need we hesitate to use now and then one like a “Lyke Wake Dirge,” with its note of weirdness and mystery, of loneliness, and aloofness as piercing as that which Aldrich strikes in his lyric, “Identity,” or even Omar knows. There are passages from

Chaucer that with ever so little modernizing are open for use with boys and girls in intermediate and grammar years, and that will carry to them the feeling of all the joyous life out of doors, the stirring of the sap in tree veins, the upspringing of the young shoots, the dew on grass and flower, the lark song, the jingling of bells, the moving cavalcade, the singing of the heart open to sunshine and joy.

The Elizabethans, born singers as they were, must go with these boys and girls all the way to fill their hearts with cheer, to touch them with melancholy, to open their lives to all the sweet and subtle influences of air and light and sound. Spenser has passage after passage that will do these things. Nash and Greene and Peele, Marlowe and Shakespeare, Lyly and Gascoigne, Dekker, Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, — why run over the list, when any loving reader of the Elizabethans must recall from them all single songs or groups of songs that belong to all ages of the individual, as of the world? The Elizabethans were young-hearted and mature, brooding, reflective, ardent, adventurous, heroic, passionate, glad, and alive; we need them from the first, and never outgrow our need. If their songs are not in any considerable numbers gathered into collections for school use, then teachers should from time to time use their privilege of reading, and thus give them to their classes. Something of the same may be said for the Cavalier poets. They

are, indeed, less lavish of songs that make universal appeal, but they now and then strike a note of honor, of love, of loyalty, that life would be poorer for not knowing. Even their reckless daring, the almost insolent gallantry with which they affront their fates, has its value for us. Milton, the Milton of the Parliamentary Wars and the Restoration, had better be reserved for secondary and higher schools. Even "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" may prove a little troublesome to us in elementary work on account of their bewildering wealth of allusions. If, however, teachers can be content to let most of the allusions go, or to explain them briefly themselves without burdening their pupils, these poems may grow dear to boys and girls for certain pictures of rustic life indoors and out, and for the spaciousness and beauty of their landscapes, and the purity and sweetness of the atmosphere that envelops them.

The eighteenth century offers less that is essential for us till we reach its latter half. The Flemish fidelity of some of Cowper's scenes, and the unfeigned mirthfulness of that clouded spirit, make him sure to find favor, if scene and poems are intelligently selected. And the tenderness and pathos of his poem, "On My Mother's Picture" make it powerful even over boys and girls to whom the experience from which it springs is unknown. Gray's charm of phrase in his "Elegy," the tempered sombreness of his tone, and the sweetness of

his verse, along with his appeal to the sense of mortality, which is not foreign to the imagination even of childhood, long since gave this poem a place in the elementary grades. Burns offers some difficulties on account of his dialect, but if the teacher is not a niggard of help, these may be overcome, and the sweetest and noblest of his songs even here become a rich possession. Nowhere else shall we find a more ardent sympathy with man as man, a more passionate championship of humble life. Nowhere shall we find an ear more open to the sounds of earth, an eye turned with more tenderness on the life of our fellow creatures, the lower animals, and even on the voiceless life of plant and flower. And nowhere after the Elizabethans shall we find such spontaneity of singing quality. Saxon though he was, he had well-nigh all the Celtic traits: the sensitiveness to color, to tone, responsiveness to the earth life, to the sadness and the gladness of human destiny, the notes of pathos and piercing melancholy, of gayety and recklessness. And his verse responds to them all, and conveys them all without need of other interpretation.

As we draw near the early bounds of the last century, we approach a time bewildering in the variety and richness of material it offers. Hardly a poet of the whole period but in his work we may find something that will win its way to the love of boys and girls, and, entering into their spirits, become active in the shaping and inform-

ing of their lives. We may here consider only the greatest.

While Wordsworth and Tennyson should have large space given them in the high school, not a few of their poems make strong appeal to the hearts and imaginations of pupils in the higher elementary grades. The world found Wordsworth strange, uncouth, unintelligible, and foolish when he first assailed its ear. Tennyson, too, had in part to create his audience. But both men were prophets of a later day, interpreters of nascent modes of seeing and feeling the life of earth and man. In them different moods of the modern spirit which had long been living an embryonic subconscious life, nourished by a thousand influences in the intellectual, emotional, religious, philosophical, and political life of the eighteenth century, came into consciousness and poetic speech. They became powerful influences, therefore, in shaping the spiritual life of the century. They spoke with power to the strongest spirits of the age. Through those who came under their spell they reached even the countless many to whom, it may be, their names were unknown. They worked in harmony with the inner forces that were dominant in determining the century's spiritual life. And so it comes about that what was repellent from its strangeness when first uttered now speaks even to children as in their mother tongue, familiar and loved, so simple and so true to heart and head that the marvel is it ever

seemed otherwise to any one. A teacher who knows his Tennyson and his Wordsworth and loves them can hardly fail to draw from them poems that simply give conscious utterance to that love of nature, that sense of kinship between nature and man, and that recognition of the brotherhood of men and the dignity and beauty of the life of the human affections, which are now so much a part of the creed of the times as to run the risk of seeming commonplace. But they are not commonplace, they are simply true. And these poets present these truths, — Wordsworth with such clearness and purity of tone, such fineness of reserve, such subtlety of power, Tennyson with such wealth of melody, of color, of imagery, that to their readers and lovers they can never become commonplace, but must grow forever in significance and beauty. The earlier children can make the acquaintance of these poets, then, the better. Some of their poems, as we have said, may be used even in the earliest years. And in the intermediate and grammar years it would be a distinct loss to leave them out.

It should be added, however, that in selecting from them it is possible to make mistakes. I should protest strongly against the use so often made of "Enoch Arden," either here or in the high school. With all its beauty of verse, its exquisite descriptions, and the undoubted nobleness of the characters, it nevertheless makes a bewildering and unnatural demand on the sympathies. The situation

it depicts is more than heart-breaking, it is hopeless; and it is ethically so involved that maturest heads and wisest hearts would shrink from the responsibility of finding a way out of it. We wish boys and girls to feel the nobleness of the love of men and women, and its power over human life. But in the classroom we shall do well to give them stories of such love with only its natural joys and bereavements, without ethical complications.

Byron and Shelley, also, though again in fashion very different from each other and from both Wordsworth and Tennyson, were forerunners and prophets of the modern age. One or two poems from each may well be used in the grammar school. In general, however, Shelley is too incoherent for the spirit of love which inspired him to be effective with boys and girls. And except for some passages of description or spirited narrative, boys and girls may well wait for some years before being subjected to the influence of Byron, though in later years his passionate rebellion against the hypocrisy of the worship of mere conventional forms in social, religious, and political life may become a powerful intellectual and moral stimulant.

The Brownings, although for the most part their school use belongs in high school and college, give us a few things for the years just below the high school. Mrs. Browning's "The Cry of the Children," with its passionate outburst against wrongs inflicted on helpless childhood, here makes a power-

ful and noble appeal. Mr. Browning tosses us a tale or two like "Hervé Riel," "How They Brought the Good News," "An Incident of the French Camp," a handful of songs for all ages, and a few passages of description that should attune the ear to all the melodies of nature.

Keeping still to the English poets of the century, we shall find in Matthew Arnold one poem at least that we must have either here or in the early high school years, "Sohrab and Rustum." Few poems more surely reach the heart. It is the epic of a universal emotion, a child's love for his father. In Sohrab this becomes a passion which not only controls every act of his life, but by its beauty and its power subdues the heart of the reader till he lives in yearning suspense, in longing that the boy's one desire may be fulfilled. And as the inevitable doom is met, and Sohrab falls by his father's hand, unknowing and unknown, the reader, man or woman, boy or girl, lost in the pity of it, from the very strength of Sohrab's love and his unquestioning faith in his unknown father's love, gathers heart to follow father and son step by step to the recognition; to live through the horror of his deed that comes to Rustum with that recognition; to feel the breaking of his mighty strength; to feel the new influx of life and the power to bear that comes from the self-forgetful love of Sohrab; to comprehend his joy in finding his father, his yearning to feel his father's love, his homesick longing to be carried in

death to "that lovely earth," his father's home, never seen by him in life, to know in death, if not in life, his father's tenderness, and to know that hereafter the passing horseman on the waste shall point to his tomb and say:—

"Sohrab the mighty Rustum's son lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill."

And when unwillingly the spirit of Sohrab has fled away

"Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth and bloom and this delightful world,"

the reader feels the downcoming of night over the solemn waste, the awe of the onlooking hosts, the heartbreak and the loneliness of Rustum. The hosts take up again the movement of their daily lives; the reader, too, turns;

"And Rustum and his son are left alone."

But now, while the heart is big with its burden of grief, and the soul heavy with the sorrow of human fate, the poet summons for us sustaining power, not by denying the reality of the grief nor the bitterness of fate, but by making us rest our vision on the larger life of the earth, its majesty, its strength, its peace; and we turn from the poem sorrowful still, but in tranquillity of spirit. All this, whether or not he can find words for his feeling, even the young reader feels. No one can doubt it who has seen a class reading the poem grow from

day to day in sympathy and understanding, in compassion and admiration; who has seen the very lines of the face grow momentarily noble under the power of sympathy and love; or has heard the voice soften and deepen and take on strength and control. The poem is taken into the heart, and through it the primary affections and relations gain nobleness.

In these second four years our own American poets are indispensable.

Ideas of their own country, and of their relation to it, are now beginning to gather definiteness in the minds of boys and girls. A crude patriotism is springing up, ardent indeed, but often taking rather the form of antagonism to foreign countries, especially to England, than of intelligent and rooted love of our country itself and what it has meant and stood for in the world. We wish to nourish love rather than hate. If we nourish hate at all, then it should be hate of ideas and principles that are in themselves destructive of the nobler ideals of our national life, whether we find them embodied in foreign governments or manifesting themselves in whatever disguise in our own. But love of ideas must be of somewhat slow growth. The mind must have some maturity to grasp ideas and ideals of government in comprehensive relations. Our study of history may be depended on to develop gradually this intellectual power, and what we may call the intellectual element in patriotism. It should do much also to cultivate the emotional element,

the sense of personal love and devotion. But we cannot afford not to use our poets to further both these ends as well as the broadly human ends. Love clings to person and place, to paths daily trodden and familiar horizon lines. Our poets have been home-lovers. The fragrance of our native earth is in their verse, and not skylark and nightingale, but bluebird and bobolink and mockingbird sing there. There we can name the trees that bend above us, and follow with contented eye the billowy grasses of meadow and prairie. Linger day by day with Whittier and Lowell and Bryant and Longfellow, with Lanier and Hayne and Riley, we grow to love the Merrimac and Bearcamp water, the Charles and its tide-water meadows, the rocky New England shores and woodlands, southern forests and marshes, and homely inland fields and orchards. Wherever one of our poets has lived we are at home, and love of the land grows as our feet grow familiar with their paths, and our eyes rest upon the hills and skies they loved. Love of country as an ideal is rooted deep in personal love of the land.

Nor can we do without our poets' direct aid in developing love of the ideal spirit of our country. Our elder poets have long been recognized as prophets of the highest ideas the nation has stood for. To name Whittier and Lowell, for instance, is to call up the long struggle to make even approximately real in our national life those ideas of the great Declaration on which our nation was supposed to

have been founded. In the clear eyes of both, national hypocrisy and national unrighteousness are seen for what they are, and the very ardor of love for the national honor and national right-doing burns in their scorn of the nation bowing down at unholy altars. In many a poem of Lowell's his fine scorn for meanness, his unmasking of hypocritical pretense, his love of sincerity and plain goodness and kindness, his burning zeal for ideas, win him the attachment of boys and girls of ardent spirit, and make him their prophet. His love of the earth envelops and sweetens all he writes. In verse and prose, too, whenever his foot touches the earth his strength is doubled. He brings us the ripple of Beaver Brook, the song of the bobolink and catbird, the sense of life in the very clod. It is a wholesome air, and good to breathe. In it we cannot misunderstand the spirit of love in the man, even when his tongue takes on the tone of mockery and scorn. The homeliness of Whittier, his benignant and tender spirit, and his fiery championship of justice and mercy make him, too, a good companion for young patriots. With all his tenderness and gentleness, his is the blood that prefers "hard liberty before the easy yoke of servile pomp." He embodies in himself that life of plain living and high thinking which was the ideal of the great English poet, too, and which in our better moments we all see to be the ideal towards which our saner national life should tend.

Longfellow's broad humanity and the beauty and sweetness of his verse, which have combined to make him so widely loved, insure him a place here. Less militant in temper than Lowell and Whittier, he turns less often to distinctively national themes. Yet it is he who has given our literature, in Paul Revere, its finest embodiment in a single figure of the militant spirit of the colonists in 1775. His "Building of the Ship," moreover, is not only fervent with the love of country, but utters high-thoughted hope for the realization of the noblest national ideals. And everywhere his love of the home land, its rivers and its seas, colors his verse. He does not know the flowers and the birds by the way as Lowell and Whittier and Bryant know them. He is seldom so faithful in his scenes. But his love of the Charles and of the sea has made him present these with tender faithfulness, while his imaginative vision has given to his pictures of our country in "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" beauty and sweep and the power of winning our affections.

Emerson was a citizen of the world of thought, but he was a dweller on the Concord, too, a sharer of the noble local pride of the historic little town, a passionate American; and his deep-seated love of town and nation, and his passionate devotion to that ideal America which shall yet be the real America, breathe in his "Concord Hymn," his "Concord Ode," his "Boston Hymn," and his

poem entitled "Boston." Nor are these in any sense above the reach of aspiring boys and girls in the higher elementary grades. To read them should erect the breast and lift the head. To take them into the life should embolden the soul to venture and endure for freedom and for truth.

In Dr. Holmes, also, local pride and national patriotism are united. The chances of our early history have made us all rightful inheritors of the glory of Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill. Hence it is that, as Emerson speaks for us all in the poems we have named, so does Dr. Holmes in his "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," as well as in the white heat of indignation in the poem that saved Old Ironsides from destruction. He has much for us besides in these years. His easy verse, his wit, his humor, and his pathos endear him. Brahmin as he was in some of his prejudices, by his humaneness of temper he is inevitably the brother of all. And in this temper he not only proves himself genuinely American, but fosters a kindred spirit in us.

There are poems of the South, also, written in honor of the heroes of what must seem to us a mistaken cause, but that nevertheless spring from what is fundamentally the national spirit. Some of these we may well use here. And surely we need to take from Hayne and Lanier and Timrod occasional passages in which these Southern poets are moved to song by such love for the scenes of their home-

land as inspires the group of New England poets. We need Riley for our Middle West, dear to us who sprang from its soil for memories of its flowering orchards, its hepatica-scented woodlands, its homely farmyards and milking barns, the bobolink and meadow lark in its meadows, and the thrush in its hedgerows. And Walt Whitman, impossible for school use in the main, must yet give us not only that dirge in which the sorrow of the nation for the murdered Lincoln found noblest utterance, but fragmentary lines and verses that are the incarnation of the ideal spirit of democracy, — brotherhood.

There are others to draw from, men and women who from East and West and North and South reach us their bounty. Celia Thaxter, Edith Thomas, Lucy Larcom, Josephine Preston Peabody, Aldrich, Gilder, Bliss Carman, Richard Hovey, Tooker, Moody, — we cannot even name all who offer for our use either single poems or many poems which are both true poems, and appeal therefore to what is most deeply human in us, and also true interpreters of this American earth in which our lives are rooted, and of the ideals, the hopes and fears and loves and aspirations, which are in the blood of us all and make us truly American. One of these, at least, not so long since, in a time of doubt and grief, proved that the race of prophets is not dead, that truest America is not left without a poetic voice — witness Mr. Moody's noble "Ode in Time of Hesitation" and his "On a Soldier Fallen

in the Philippines." Nobler yet in its prophetic fire, more deeply American and more deeply human, is his "Gloucester Moors." Mr. Moody's poems, as more subtle and difficult than most of the older verse, must be kept for the latest elementary years and the high school, but we must use them in their places, as we must use the "Concord Hymn," "Paul Revere's Ride," "Ichabod," "Old Ironsides," "O Captain! my Captain," and the best of the "Biglow Papers" and the "Commemoration Ode," if boys and girls are to get their country and its history into their hearts as well as into their heads.

Besides such literature as has already been indicated, much of it of very recent date, there are two great domains of letters to which we may now turn for amplest satisfaction, — Homer and Shakespeare. In them there is nothing lacking to our needs. They have fullness of life, amplitude of thought and action, nobleness of ideas, a large humanness of spirit, sanity of judgment, and greatness of expression. The mere story of the wanderings and toils of Odysseus fills the mind at first. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, his great-hearted endurance grows upon us, his courtesy, his manliness, his delicacy of spirit, his largeness of mind, his steadfastness of faith, his love of home and wife and child, his obedience to the gods. And the world he traverses of wind and wave, of flower and tree and fountain, of seagirt, rocky isle, hard nurse of

heroes, of barren sea and starry heaven, of goodly men and women and the great gods of Olympus alike bravely facing hard decrees of fate, — this world grows real, grows beautiful, becomes our own, gives breadth of vision and strength of heart. It is a tonic to the listless soul, a challenge to the brave.

Shakespeare's world, except for his songs, we had best approach at only one or two points as yet, but here we find the stuff of life in full measure. Boys and girls even in these years may lose themselves in following high-hearted Cæsar to his doom, in watching the noble Brutus's blind struggle to check the irresistible onward movement of his world, and Antony's faulty but winning human spirit, with its mingling of generous, loyal love and politic self-seeking. If the work is made living, vital, they can hardly come from it without a deeper sense of the reality of the past and its kinship to the present, and without minds more alive to responsibility for their acts, more conscious of the seriousness of the life in which they have to live. Or, if it is "The Merchant of Venice" they read, they must get a finer sense of gracious womanhood, of friendship and love and justice, of all that makes life seemly and noble.

It should not be necessary to add here once more that, in naming this long list of poets and poems, there is no intention to advise the use of all in any one school, nor any thought that poets and poems here unnamed may not sometimes be substituted

with advantage for these. As in the case of the prose course, and in the prose and poetry suggested in the preceding chapter, the purpose is merely to give concreteness to mere general statements of what is desired to be achieved and of the means to such achievement. Varying conditions must determine what is most needed and what is most available in each place. But it is here contended that what should everywhere be aimed at is increase in the essentials of life: in thinking power and in the substance and nobleness of actual thoughts; in power of feeling, also, and in the range and noble sincerity and humaneness of emotional experience; and finally in what should result from this, — in preparedness for worthy action. These things, it is contended, may come and should come to boys and girls not only through the gradual broadening of their natures by the experience of their own daily lives outside of literature. They should come to them also through life in literature. The lives of some of us are so narrowed by controlling conditions that unless we learn the secret of freedom and largeness in books we learn it not at all. And the lives of all are so narrow, so straitened and starved in comparison with the full life of all human experience, the life we instinctively demand as our right, that those to whom actual life is most generous must also seek largeness of books. They, indeed, who bring most to books will carry most away; it is the law of life, — to him

that hath shall be given; but the hungriest soul, the soul starved even beyond the sense of hunger, can be nourished little by little, till it, too, is ready to receive full measure.

IV

METHOD OF HANDLING LITERATURE IN SCHOOL

WHEN we have encountered, with such success as we may, the difficulties involved in determining aims and course, there remains a third consideration to give us pause. It is the question of method: How shall we bring pupil and material together so that the pupil's mind shall most readily take the material into itself and make it over into substance of its own life and means of growth?

No one of us, we may assume, can answer this question once for all, even for himself. With a material varying so widely within itself as literature, and with the living souls of pupils not only varying from one another by countless differences, but within themselves by the very process of life suffering progressive transformation, he who depends too securely upon any fixed method is lost. He is lost, that is to say, if by method we mean a system of devices for securing definite results. Devices, no doubt, must be employed, but they must grow out of the needs and the conditions of varying situations. They do not constitute method, and of them little will here be said. What one who

would deal with method is more deeply concerned with is something more vital, — the conceptions of human nature, its needs, and its modes of healthy growth, whether in adult or in child, by which the teacher of literature must be steadily guided. It is by these conceptions that he must test all the devices, the ways and means of instruction, that clamor for acceptance in the schoolroom. It is from these conceptions and from the nature of literature that he evolves his principles of conduct, his method in broader sense.

At the risk of repeating some points already made, I may venture to run over the notions that, if the theory here presented be sound, should control the teacher of literature. They are these. Every human soul is an activity of thinking, feeling, and willing, eternally distinct and different from every other, mysteriously isolated in the midst of myriad forms of life and myriad soul activities. This isolated soul is nevertheless so akin to the environment world that for its own growth, the realization of its own nature, it is primarily dependent on its environment. For material for growth, for nutriment, it is absolutely so dependent. Out of its environment must come the provocation to the activities of the senses which the mind in its turn must take up and transform into experiences of the soul. Yet, though the material offered for these experiences be the same, no two souls, we may well believe, ever selected from it exactly the same ele-

ments. Certainly no two ever transformed these elements into identical lives. The subtle power of transmutation resides in the soul itself. Not a mechanical force, but a vital force, its natural action is relatively slow, obscure, secret, eluding even the consciousness of him who is undergoing transformation. For effective and healthy action it requires time and freedom and something of quiet. Above all, the slow progress of the soul from potentialities of feeling and willing to a sane and noble and intelligent life of emotion and volition must be largely unconscious. The power of the soul to receive impressions, and to transform them into sympathy and love and pleasure and aspiration, is at all times far beyond its power to analyze its own experience, and even to give it simple utterance. To deprive any soul of the opportunity for experience till it acquire a commensurate power of analysis and expression is to cut it off from its most natural mode of growth. In children, at all events, expression is likely to be wholesome only so far as it is natural and spontaneous. A forced and premature effort at analysis and expression creates an unhealthy self-consciousness, and, if persisted in, is likely to make prigs and hypocrites. The earliest developed and most unconscious modes of self-expression are tone, bodily movements, and facial expression. Relatively much later comes the power to utter the self by articulate speech and chosen word. When children enter

school the former modes of expression are already developed to a point far in advance of their power of speech, although still lagging far behind their power to receive and assimilate ideas.

If these notions are well founded, they necessitate certain conclusions as to the duty of the school in general, and the teacher of literature in particular. It becomes incumbent on them, in the first place, to supply to children, for them to make over into their own substance, a measure of life that shall not be strictly limited by their powers of expression; secondly, to give the already established powers of expression opportunity for growth through healthy exercise; and, thirdly, to help children to the acquirement of such further powers of being and expression as their actual development at any time makes possible and desirable. We shall touch upon these points, of course, only as they concern the teacher of literature.

What may be looked upon as the first, and perhaps the most important, phase of method in literature appears in the very choice of material. Life begets life and nourishes it. If a pupil at any age is to gain through literature increased power of feeling and thinking, of judging and acting, we must present him literature that invites him to feel and think, to judge and will. To give him courage, confidence in his own thinking, we must supply phases of life that in substance are well within the range of his experience, however novel they

may be in form. To give that courage exercise, to challenge it to increased activity, we must sometimes use literature that calls upon the pupil for thought and judgment where to think and to judge requires a distinct effort on his part. To give sustenance to powers existing as yet only as ill-defined impulses, as "stirrings of inquietude," as fugitive shadows of emotion and aspiration, yet necessary to the fullness and beauty of life, we may now and then make use of literature that eludes the pupil's conscious grasp, and altogether transcends his power of conscious expression.

Naturally, as feeling antedates distinct thought, is the mystic, inchoate stage of thought and will, the literature chosen for this last purpose must be for the most part in that form in which thought seeks expression when most highly emotionalized, — poetry. Moreover, since poetry holds thought and emotion in this closer union, and by virtue of its idealized tone and measured movement makes more potent and subtle appeal to the complete life within us, it must supply a large part of the material used for the furtherance of the other purposes also, must constitute a good share of the course in literature. And as beauty is the great joy-giver, the inspirer of love and quickener of aspiration, not only all the poetry in use, but all the prose, must have living beauty of form and spirit.

It will be seen, it is hoped, that the suggestions made in the preceding chapters as to material to

be used at the several stages of elementary school life are made in the light of the principles and purposes here set down. The less usual of those suggestions find in the conceptions here declared of human nature, its needs, and its modes of healthy growth, especially of healthy emotional and moral growth, their explanation and, it is hoped, their justification.

After the choosing of material vital in substance and form, the next demand to be made upon the teacher is that he show his faith by works. If he really believe in the power of literature that is instinct with life, and in the mind's inherent power of growth by selection, assimilation, and transformation of the elements of growth presented to it in literature and life, his main effort will be merely to remove the barriers that at any time exist to keep literature and mind apart, to give the mind freedom of approach to literature, freedom of contact with it. The special nature of his work at any given time will be determined by the nature of the barriers that most urgently demand removal. And this depends in its turn upon the form of the literature and the stage of development already reached by the pupil.

Some of these barriers are perfectly patent. But throughout these years to discover just what at any moment comes between each pupil and the particular piece of literature that is presented to him, what stands in the way of his entering into the life it

embodies, requires all the teacher's knowledge of books and life, all his intuitions and his sympathies, all his quickness of understanding and his breadth of experience. And day after day to remove these barriers for pupil after pupil, so that each shall actually live in the life incarnate in the literature, live in it with pleasure, and grow thereby into a larger personal life, — this, too, taxes the teacher's own powers of life to the uttermost.

When children enter school they are all debarred from full participation in life, whether in literature or in the world, by two things: meagreness of experience, and the incipency and immaturity of their powers. Most of them are further cut off from life in literature by a third circumstance, inability to read. The barriers erected by the first two we remove as far as possible for the time by choosing material that shall not make excessive demands on experience nor call for the exercise of mature powers. The third we remove as soon as we can by teaching children to read. Try as we may, however, very few in the primary years learn to read so well as to read books with ease and pleasure. Yet they must not therefore be cut off from literature. Rather, till they can read for themselves, they have a right to depend on others. In their interest the teacher must be a loving and intelligent reader. It is not chiefly nor primarily necessary for him to be a good story-teller, though this is greatly to be desired. But this is to be a maker of literature rather

than a teacher of it, and we can scarcely demand of teachers that they shall be born with the divine gift. We have a right to demand that they shall be intelligent readers. It is not enough, that is to say, that they have in themselves life enough to enter into and take to themselves the life in tale and poem and then give it out in their own words to their pupils. The value of the literature used here, as much as of that used elsewhere, is dependent not upon substance alone, nor upon form alone, but upon the vital union of the two. The teacher must therefore hold himself to a faithful presentation of the most artistic accessible version of the prose tales, and to an equally faithful rendering of the poems. This means that he must either know them by heart and rehearse them without the book, or he must read from the printed page. It means more than this. Literature is life incarnate in words, in language; for literature as art, language is always spoken, is always a body of symbolic sounds conveying thought and feeling, not merely by fixed significance of printed symbol, but by subtle and varying suggestion of movement and tones. A reader to be intelligent must therefore not stop with ready utterance of the printed symbol. He must be sensitive also to the suggestions of tone and movement that go with the significance of the printed symbol; and he must have all his powers so harmoniously coördinated in the service of rendering an author's meaning that eye and brain

and heart and tongue work together. The eye must see, the brain and heart interpret, and the voice lend itself in pitch, in quality, in rhythm, in force, in rate of utterance, to the rendering of that interpretation. The old Greek motto holds here: In nothing too much. I am pleading not for the extravagances of gesture and the contortions of voice that sometimes pass for reading, but for such a handling of the voice as shall by slight, almost imperceptible, but infinitely varied suggestion of modulation and inflection make us almost forget reader and words in our absorption in thought and feeling and action, in the life that is thus presented. Children are peculiarly in need of the assistance that is thus given by the reader's voice. Their dependence on those about them, and their ignorance of the meanings of many of the words used in their hearing, tend to cultivate in them the natural susceptibility to tone and inflection, until through these alone they can often grasp meanings that would otherwise be beyond them. It is the merest economy of energy, therefore, by the use of such means of interpretation oftentimes to obviate the necessity of employing others.

When the voice through tone and movement has done its best, however, difficulties will often remain. It is not expected that children shall exhaust the intellectual and emotional significance of what is read to them or of what they read to themselves. Adults do not do that, either, else they would not

turn again and again to Thackeray and Tennyson and Spenser and Shakespeare, who are to them what "Cinderella" and "The Jungle Book" and "A Child's Garden of Verses" are to little children. Yet, though no such unreasonable demands be made, and though the literature be admirably adapted on the whole to children's stage of experience and the development of their powers, difficulties will still be encountered. Where these are merely a matter of phrase they should be removed, not usually by the substitution of a different word or phrase in the first reading, but by the giving of a simple synonymous expression when it is seen that the original is actually a stumbling block. To substitute the easier expression in the first place — easier usually merely because familiar — would be to deprive children of the challenge to activity that comes from the encounter with new things. It would work for the impoverishment of their vocabularies by shutting them off from the usual and natural occasion and opportunity for enlarging them.

Where the difficulty is not verbal merely, but inherent in the life presented, it may be variously met. Just how it should be met in any given instance depends on the nature of the difficulty and its origin, whether it arises from strangeness of customs, of institutions, or of ethical standards and judgments.

Difficulties of the first two sorts call mainly for

knowledge on the teacher's part and a fair power of exposition, together with quickness to apprehend and use whatever in the actual experience of the puzzled children may serve to illustrate the point and so make it clear. They demand also such a sense of perspective, of relative importance, as shall enable a teacher to judge fairly whether it is worth while to stop for full explanation in any given case. Unskillful but conscientious teachers often, in their anxiety to explain what children are ready enough to take for granted or to put down among the many puzzling things they observe in the life about them, make difficulties where otherwise none would be felt by children. If the point in question be indeed an essential one, the difficulty should no doubt be created and the children made conscious of it. But to treat the incidental and the non-essential in the same way as the essential, is to destroy perspective, and leave children finally without a clear conception of the piece of literature as a whole.

If the difficulty is an ethical one, more knowledge and vastly more judgment are required of the teacher. Here again it is entirely possible to create imaginary difficulties, by failing to realize what is the natural attitude of childish minds. The tricks of Jack in "Jack and the Bean Stalk," his theft from the Giant, and his final killing of the latter, make the story seem to some teachers ethically unsound and unfit to be given to children. But what children left to themselves see is, that a wicked

giant who killed Jack's father and stole his wealth is getting his just deserts. Jack's cunning is the natural and legitimate weapon of righteous weakness opposed to superior and wicked strength. To force refinements of ethical judgments on children here is very likely to make them glib little hypocrites. Similarly, in "Puss in Boots" there is surely no need to moralize on the duplicity of Puss. It is not the duplicity of his conduct that strikes children when they are let alone; it is his skill, his presence of mind, his shrewdness in using events in the interest of his master, and, finally, his devotion to this master. Few things are more unsafe than the thrusting on children of an ethical difficulty which their own development leaves them wholly unconscious of, while it does make them see another set of ethical relations clearly and truly. Absorbed in their enjoyment of the action, and morally nurtured by the ethical relations which they do see, they had better be left unconscious for the time of the subtler relations which they are as yet not developed to comprehend.

It sometimes happens, however, that a piece of literature shocks in children a moral sense which it has itself developed. In "Hiawatha," for instance, after dwelling on the kinship existing between Hiawatha and the birds and animals about him, their trustfulness and his kindness, the poet goes on to recount Hiawatha's killing of the red deer. This sometimes troubles children as well as

teachers. They stop and ask questions that must be met. They are facing a difficulty that is an actual difficulty still unsolved theoretically by many of us adults, though practically most of us fall in with the rough and ready solution of the world about us that the world was made for man, and the life of the lower animals may rightly be taken by man for his subsistence — many even add also, for his sport. It would probably be a mistake to dwell long with children upon this killing of the red deer by Hiawatha. It would certainly be wrong to carry them into the pros and cons of the question. Almost without exception they are prepared by experience to acquiesce in the propriety of man's taking animal life in the interest of his own life, and this view of Hiawatha's act generally settles the difficulty for children. Nor is it shirking a difficulty to leave them with this. It is merely recognizing the limits of their knowledge and the fact that ethical discussion without proper data from knowledge and experience is unprofitable. What we should aim at is not that children shall understand and be able ethically to justify or condemn every act of the characters in the stories we give them, but that they shall grasp sufficiently the broad ethical outlines of the stories, and place their sympathies on the whole where they belong. And, as we have said, they are pretty sure to do this in case of such literature as has here been discussed, if only they are judiciously let alone.

The school should aim to make children, as soon as possible, not merely hearers but readers of literature. The literature class should not at first, however, be a class in reading. The mechanical difficulties in the way of learning to read and the need of practice on forms, make a separate reading class necessary at first and desirable probably for some years. The literature class should, nevertheless, furnish the truest incentive to effort in the reading class. The constant presence of the book of tales or of poems in the hands of the teacher should result in children's associating books with the pleasure they experience in the tales and the verse. For many children this sight of books in the schoolroom is the nearest they ever come to Dr. Holmes's experience of "tumbling about in a library." To make it as real a contact as possible, to give them from the first a sense of personal relation to books, children should often be allowed to look on while the teacher reads, should have the very lines he is reading pointed out, and now and then be permitted to try themselves to recognize and interpret the wonderful marks, mastery of which is the key to a whole world of life and adventure. The desire to know how to read in order to have direct personal access to the contents of books, reduces the difficulties of learning to read almost to the vanishing point. When children begin to be able to read for themselves, they need not be thrown entirely on their own powers. This would too seriously limit our

range of choice in literature. But they should learn increasingly to depend on their own eyes, and the teacher's reading, except for a purpose to be dwelt on later, should little by little be reserved for the more difficult passages and for the special tale or poem which he shares with them as a special treat to himself and them, exactly as he would share with his equals and friends something that he himself especially enjoys.

As a moment's thought will show, this last assumes, as characteristic of the teacher's attitude, respect for the material he handles and for the boys and girls he teaches. However it be with teachers of other subjects, this is indispensable to one who would through literature open up to boys and girls more and more of the essentials of life, — a respect that shall make it impossible for him to condescend toward either material or pupils, a respect that does away with affectations of interest and affection, that induces directness and sincerity of speech and manner, that puts children on the plane of human beings rather than of puppets, and evokes naturally and effectively their powers. This as an omnipresent condition of success deserves specific mention in a study of method. It, and it alone, creates the liberal and vitalizing atmosphere which should characterize the primary classroom as surely as the college classroom.

As boys and girls advance in school and the printed symbol becomes less and less a barrier to

their understanding, the other difficulties already noted remain. Pupils in intermediate and grammar grades still encounter phrases that puzzle them, peculiarities of custom and institutions that stand in the way of ready understanding of the life they are busy with in books, acts that now and then shock their ethical sense, and situations and conduct that challenge and perhaps bewilder their ethical judgment.

Difficulties of phrase occur somewhat less frequently, but they never vanish. Indeed, when we recall biblical and Shakespearean lexicons, concordances, and commentaries, it is rash to say that difficulties of phrase grow rarer as we advance. One who would teach Shakespeare in the higher grades needs a sufficient acquaintance with Elizabethan English to recognize readily the difficulties that are due to divergence between Elizabethan and twentieth-century uses of words. In such cases it is folly to throw upon boys and girls in the grades responsibility for recognizing these difficulties, and even, when they are pointed out, for clearing them up by unaided study of dictionaries. An historical linguistic curiosity is very desirable in readers of literature. It may be fostered even in the grades, in the pupils best equipped mentally, by a little dictionary work under the guidance of the teacher. But in the main the difficulties here in question should be removed by the teacher himself, who must be content to give outright the linguistic

information needed to make the obscure passages clear.

Even in authors where obscurities due to historical changes in usage do not occur, other sorts of verbal difficulties arise. In following such a course as was suggested in the last chapter, they are not even infrequent. New words are encountered, and familiar words in unfamiliar senses. Unfamiliar idioms, also, and even sentences of regular but complicated structure, give trouble. In some schools the custom obtains of pointing out in every advance lesson a certain number of words and phrases to be looked up in a dictionary. It probably never happens that all the words so pointed out actually do give trouble to all, nor that they include all the troublesome expressions. The custom, besides, seems to encourage pupils to suppose they need look up no words but those so assigned. It begets a slovenly and unscholarly habit of mind. On the other hand, some teachers insist that every word which gives trouble shall be looked up in a dictionary and mastered by the pupils before coming into the class. In strictly graded reading books it may possibly be wise to proceed in this way. In such a course in literary reading as we are dealing with, it would probably end in discouragement and distaste on the part of most boys and girls. No doubt they should be encouraged to follow up troublesome words in the dictionary. But how many adults, even of fair scholarly tendencies and habits, when

they are hot on the trail of a thought or an incident, break off to turn to a dictionary to make sure on the spot of the exact meaning of a new word? How many do rather as children must do when they are learning to understand and use words, — wait for the word to occur again and again, until from its connection with other words in several passages they make out for themselves its meaning? Few adults would be ashamed to confess to such behavior, nor need teachers be ashamed if they now and then find their pupils doing the same. Indeed, they should often encourage them to this comparison of passages for the interpretation of words, for this is to leave words in their natural surroundings, and to appreciate, as no mere dictionary study can make us, the shades of meaning and use that characterize them. Of course, even in these cases, the aid of the dictionary may often finally be called upon to advantage. Many times also the teacher himself should become the dictionary for his class. None of us hesitate to tell our own children or the children of our friends the pronunciation or the meaning of a word when they demand it, any more than we hesitate to tell them the name of any other object they never saw before, or to explain its nature to them. If we could bring ourselves more frequently in the schoolroom to use the same sort of common sense with everybody's children that we use out of school with those whose interests we have most at heart, it would be better for everybody concerned.

Where the difficulty lies in sentence structure rather than in single words and their meaning, the teacher will sometimes find it well to analyze the thought and make clear what is the contribution of each of its parts to the whole, and then turn to the words that are the vehicle of the thought to see what part of the whole each carries. An intimate sense of the relation of words to ideas, of the absolute duty of words to be true to the thought they embody, is indispensable to the writer. The reader, too, needs this same instinctive sense of the relation of words and ideas. And both need to be more conscious than most are who are bred on ordinary grammatical instruction that the clue to most difficult passages lies in grasping the exact meanings of the words that express relations, — conjunctions, prepositions, and pronouns; of interjections, too, and the so-called modal auxiliaries by which we are informed of the mental attitude of the speaker and told how a thing asserted is conceived to be related to actuality. This exact sense of relations and their importance is probably more often developed by the prolonged and close study given to Latin and Greek grammar and authors than by the study of English grammar and English literature. Such a state of affairs is wholly unnecessary. The relations existing between things — objects and attributes, time, place, acts and actors, thoughts and thinkers, actuality and conception — exist in the consciousness and experience of men and women who speak

English as in those of men and women who spoke Greek, and they, too, have developed a language capable of expressing the almost infinite variety of these relations. Mastery of English as a means of expression, whether it be used to utter ourselves or to interpret the utterance of others, calls for a good deal closer attention to the exact meanings and uses of the parts of speech just named, conjunctions, prepositions, pronouns, interjections, and modal auxiliaries, and to the various modes of reference possible in phrase and order of words, than is usually given in grammar classes. In its own interest, the literature class must supplement this study. It is not necessary, to be sure, to stop at every *but*, *and*, *while*, *by*, *from*, *with*, *to*, *of*, and so on, any more than at every *cum*, *et*, and *sed*, and every ablative and genitive and dative in Latin. Nor is it always necessary to query the meaning of *may* and *would* and *should*, any more than that of every indicative and subjunctive or optative. But boys and girls, by the time they are ready for the high school, should have grown sensitive to the main uses of all such words, should have learned instinctively to attack them as the probable centres of difficulty when they are bothered to get the meaning of a passage. It belongs to the literature teacher even more than to the grammar teacher, and even below the high school, to develop this sensitiveness. And in the high school, since, curiously enough, grammar is usually begun and dropped in the grades, it falls to

the literature teacher almost alone to continue its development, and this not in the interest of grammar and grammatical knowledge in the abstract, but in the interest of his pupils' understanding of the authors read and their grasp of language as the incarnation of thought.

As pupils go up the grades, the greater variety of literature read and the greater range of life—institutions and customs, and ethical, social, religious, and political ideals—comprehended in it, make increasing demands on the understanding and the judgment as well as on the sympathies. The pupils' own greater development, moreover, makes them conscious of difficulties where once they would have been unconscious. The teacher need make use, therefore, of a wider knowledge of men and nations and times than he has needed hitherto. He must still be content to be the source of much of the information needed by his pupils to interpret customs and institutions and situations as they come upon them in books. To make boys and girls run down every biographical, geographical, and historical reference in their literature is to displace the literature itself from the centre of interest. It is to substitute for the study of literature a study of things in general. Some of these references the teacher himself should explain briefly and always in the interest of something that is essential in the life that is the real centre of interest in the book. Some of the allusions will be familiar to a few of the class who chance to be readers by instinct or to

come from reading families, and these may in such cases supply the necessary information for the good of all. And in some instances, really in many instances, where the force of the allusion requires for appreciation a rich background of associated ideas, it may be left with merely a word as to what books, if read, would give it beauty and force. When allusions to Homeric scenes and characters, for instance, have thus occurred over and over, and the teacher, after explaining them briefly, has again and again said, "You should read the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* to feel all that that means," some of the class, born with the instinctive curiosity of true readers, will find means to lay hands on the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* and read for themselves. The teacher can sometimes whet this curiosity by bringing the book referred to into the class, and reading from it scenes that readily command interest. Geographical and historical allusions are especially insidious. Conscientious teachers of "*Evangeline*," for example, will make prolonged study of maps of Nova Scotia, and bring in all accessible photographs of the land of the Acadians as it now is, with the idea that they are making a thorough study of the poem. But Longfellow himself always refused to go to Nova Scotia, because he did not wish the actual place to disturb the conception of it that he had embodied in his poem. In the same way, teachers will make their pupils hunt up all accessible historical accounts of the exile of the Acadians,

and feel that they are studying "Evangeline." To Longfellow the centre of interest was the beauty and strength of woman's devotion — we have only to read his prelude to learn it; it was Evangeline herself and her wanderings, her love and her sorrow, and loneliness and faithfulness. And to the reader of the poem who is left to himself this remains the centre of interest from first to last. The Acadians and the facts and fancies of their exile are only the setting for this central story. And all that is really necessary to know of this to understand the story of Evangeline, the poet, as in duty bound, himself tells us in the poem. If he is not wholly true to fact, what matters it? It is not history he is mainly concerned with, but his conception of Evangeline's life. If he deviates from history, we must for the time accept this deviation as the truth, the truth for his purpose. Less turning to atlases and histories and classical dictionaries, and a closer study of the text itself to discover what the poet himself has said to interpret his meaning, — this is the real ideal. Writers who know their business do not expect their readers to sit within reach of a reference library in order to read their books intelligently. If they are to be read at all, they know that they must make their work self-explanatory. And one main duty of the teacher is to show his pupils that books are thus in the main self-explanatory, if they only know how to read, how to put passages together, how to detect the bearing of one

on another. To look up in a book of reference the information that the author himself gives us, if we have eyes to see and brain to understand, is not to be a careful student, it is to be a careless and slovenly reader.

In the years just below the high school ethical questions and ethical difficulties offer a serious teacher special opportunities, and at the same time confront him with peculiar temptations. Boys and girls at this stage are becoming newly alive to questions of conduct and character and social relations. Some of them are becoming inquisitive and speculative as to authority in morals, the right basis of moral standards and conduct. Their growing self-consciousness as individuals makes them increasingly diffident and self-assertive, while their new sensitiveness to the power of personality and the power of ideals is creating in them new capacity for loyalty and reverence and worship side by side with contempt and disdain. In this stage the ethical aspects of the life encountered in literature are sure to rouse question, possibly perplexity. If the right atmosphere of freedom and respect and sincerity exists in the class, these questions and perplexities are sure to find voice there. It is here that the teacher's opportunity and his temptation alike arise. He can avoid the temptation, indeed, by choosing material of a sort too inane to stimulate thought, but only so; and to do this is really to abandon literature and his opportunities at the

same time. To be of service he must have the courage to use literature that is rich in life experience, and pray for wisdom to handle it. Where there is rich life experience on the one hand, with immature minds and hearts on the other, difficulties of a moral sort, using the term in the broadest sense, are bound to arise. To help boys and girls out of these perplexities for the time is often possible if the teacher yield to the temptation of letting his personal influence give weight to positive or dogmatic assertion. In this way he can really settle many a case for the more immature and the more docile-minded and less aggressively inquisitive pupils, and he may silence those of greater maturity and more imperious curiosity as to life. In either case he will have done a lasting injury. Instead of really removing a barrier that keeps the first group from coming into close grapple with life itself, he has set up a new barrier. He has thrust himself and his opinions in between them and life. He has, as far as in him lies, substituted himself and his view of life for actual life, just as fond friends often thrust the distorted dialect we know as baby talk in between a baby and the difficult and perplexing language he is struggling to master. In the case of the more aggressive minds the dogmatic teacher has not removed the difficulty by his dogmatic assertion: he has silenced inquiry and created distrust of himself, while he has shut off the inquiring mind from the help it craved and needed. He has made it harder

thenceforward for the boys and girls who have been thus rebuffed to ask help, harder to open their minds, harder to believe in the sympathy and respect of adults.

The fact is, in all probability, that we should not expect, nor even seek, to settle all questions of an ethical sort for these boys and girls. The really helpful thing would be to bring them to an honest facing of such questions and an intelligent and right-minded living with them, in the hope of some day coming to the power of seeing things in true ethical relations. To do this requires more than reliance on seductive generalizations as to the characteristics of the average boy or girl of thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen. It requires the teacher to know his class as individuals, know them well enough even to feel in individual cases the unspoken question and puzzle. He must respect their reserves, their diffidence, and their occasional startling frankness of self-revelation. He must be frank himself, but he must have acquired the power of revealing himself in an impersonal way. He must be ready to admit that he has not himself found an answer to all the questions that are raised by life in books and out. He should be able to throw light on difficult cases by calling up parallel cases. He should so feel the oneness of life in literature and out that he can freely bring the life outside of books to bear on the life in books. He should have the historical sense well developed, and enough know-

ledge of the development of moral and religious ideas to be able, for instance, to set the conduct of Odysseus in due relation to early Greek standards as well as to our standards at the present. If he can set beside Odysseus characters from the Old Testament, beside the rites and customs of Greeks of the heroic age corresponding Jewish rites and customs which his pupils are already familiar with in a half-hearted way, he will have given them an intelligent start in the study of morals. The *Odyssey* is prolific of questions as to honesty, cruelty, hospitality, justice, the relations of master and man, of husband and wife, of friend and enemy, of child and parent, of man and woman, of questions, too, as to the gods and their relations to one another and to the fates of men. Difficult questions, these, and not to be answered out of hand; questions to be recognized as of the utmost seriousness, and as demanding wide knowledge and experience to answer with any satisfaction; questions that pupils are for the most part to be helped to see as requiring years to understand and perhaps more than a lifetime to answer. They may be made to see that it is questions such as these that men and women are busy with all their lives, that they belong, indeed, to the very substance of life, that it is no shame not to be able to settle them once for all, but that it would indeed be shame not to be interested in them, not to be seeking to understand them.

There remain in prose and verse alike still other

difficulties as yet unnoticed. They are found in the nature and elements of the artistic structure. These are not, indeed, primarily barriers between children or adults and the life presented in literature. On the contrary, they are essentially helps to the interpretation of literature and of the life of which literature is the symbolic expression. During all the less conscious years of childhood boys and girls may be left to the unconscious enjoyment of art forms. The nobler the forms and the more truly they are used the more surely will children feel and understand and live the life therein embodied. But life moves from unconsciousness to consciousness. Gradually boys and girls, pressing for contact with life through literature, great art of expression as it is, must become conscious of the art as a medium of expression. Gradually they must come to understand language as the material in which the literary artist embodies his conceptions of the world and the life of man, and to appreciate the freedom it gives him and the limitations it puts upon him. They must become conscious of the great principles of structure that underlie all the arts, since they grow out of the inherent need of the human mind in the midst of chaos to find order; in diversity, relation; in multiplicity, unity. They must become conscious of the different types of art forms that have been developed out of the inherent nature of language, and of the varying phases of life that it must express. They must become conscious of the capacity

of tone and movement, stress, inflection, pitch, and modulation, of phrase and sentence and paragraph, of verse and stanza, to follow and express the evolution of thought and emotion in all their subtlest intricacies as well as in their frankest simplicity and straightforwardness.

It is not for a moment supposed that boys and girls are to become conscious of all these things in the elementary school years. It is hardly possible that they should come into full consciousness of any one of these things even in the high school. But if they are ultimately to understand literature, to get from it the joy and the strength it is capable of giving them, to find it the interpreter of life and the aid in living it is capable of being, they must sometime come to such consciousness. It is impossible to come to it at a bound. All consciousness is a growth, prepared for by activities and changes which go on out of the range of the conscious, perceiving, comprehending mind, but which are the conditions and precursors of ever more and more conscious activities. Throughout the suggestions that have here been made as to a course in literature, the need first of unconscious and later of half-conscious preparation for the fuller consciousness of maturity has been steadily kept in mind and provided for in the nature of the material to be used. The recognition of the same need should constantly control us in the handling of the material. At most, actual life and life in literature bring boys and girls

in the elementary years to the verge of adult consciousness. It would be folly to seek to develop in them full consciousness of literature as an art when they are as yet but half conscious of the life it embodies. But we may and we should in elementary school and high school insure the unconscious and half-conscious preparation for the full consciousness.

To show in detail how this preparation may be secured were to go to tedious length. Yet a suggestion or two may be in place.

It has been said that during their less conscious childhood boys and girls may be left to the unconscious enjoyment of art forms. Every one recognizes the instinctive response even of babies to rhythm and melody. It is not the significance of the words of a song that soothes a wailing baby, it is the music, the rhythmic, melodious succession of tones. It is not merely, perhaps not mainly, the imaginative suggestion of the words in Mother Goose rhymes that endears them to little children. It is the subtler and as yet more potent imaginative or emotional appeal of the melody and rhythm of the verse. It is this that makes the songs from "The Tempest," "As You Like It," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Cymbeline," "A Winter's Tale," a delight to children to whom speech is yet an adventure; that makes them listen intent and fascinated to "The Brook," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Break, Break, Break," or the songs from "The

Princess" and "Maud." It is this as well as the vivid pictures of a child's inner vision that makes children take to their hearts "A Child's Garden of Verses." If we seek for proof of these assertions we have only to try these things on children with two methods of reading. Read "Lochinvar" as prose to a six-year-old, and you may get off with a single reading. Read it as it is, with recognition of the impetuous, headlong, yet controlled gallop of the verse, and you shall be called on to repeat it to your own weariness before the child listener is satisfied. In all this childish experience the present enjoyment, important as it is, is not the only good to the child to whom it comes, though it is the only good he can in any sense be conscious of. All unconsciously to him his whole nature is being brought into tune, the fibres of nerve and brain and muscle are being organized to a finer susceptibility to the stimulus of musical tone and movement. It is the beginning of that wonderful adjustment of nerve and muscle and brain to the use of the intellect and imagination that shall finally make possible an apprehension and appreciation of the grand orchestral harmonies of "Paradise Lost." Furthermore, the interrelation of the senses makes this refinement of ear and muscle, if not a necessity, yet a genuine aid to the development of imaginative vision, the seeing, visualizing imagination. If any one of these remain undeveloped, the integrity of the imaging power of the mind is by so much defective.

In all this early work in poetry that we have provided for, then, we are not only serving the purpose of present enjoyment; we are not only, little by little, as words take on significance and the power of meaning, introducing children to a world of thought and action that corresponds to their present stage of development: if we are true readers, if we hear and feel and render the verse truly, we are gradually developing in them a power of understanding and interpretation that shall enable them more surely to enter with sympathy into the wide-reaching, all-embracing life that lives forever in the work of the world poets as in man himself.

Rhythm and melody are the most fundamental constituents of verse form. Children's sensibility to them is most instinctive. Recognition of them as sources of pleasure comes earliest. For a long time we may well be content if children enjoy them and come to associate them with their pleasure in poetry, whether they have the right names for them or not. As they go up the grades and get more mastery of words, there is no harm in the world in giving them the true names, and in ourselves using these names naturally, whether we require children to use them or not. As time passes, there is no harm in now and then reading near together poems with very different rhythm, as, for instance, "Sweet and Low, Sweet and Low," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," or "The Battle of Agincourt," and letting them discover, or helping them to discover, the differ-

ence not only in the rhythms and melodies themselves, but in their own feelings as they read the poems. Of course we now have in mind the higher intermediate and grammar years. Of course, too, we must from the beginning of boys' and girls' reading for themselves have made sure of their getting the true rhythm of every poem read and as much of the melody as possible. This they get easily from instinct and imitation, until for them the association of rhythm and melody with verse becomes so inevitable that with every new poem they are dissatisfied until they have discovered its tune, the musical accompaniment and expression of its thought.

Rhyme, so often conceived by children and careless or ignorant adults to be the distinctive feature of verse, appeals to the ear from the first, and from the first contributes its share to the pleasure derived from all verse it is found in. The high school may be left to develop more fully its function as a unifying element of verse and the specific part it plays in the structure of a few of the most significant stanzaic forms, like the Spenserian stanza and the sonnet. To the high school, also, may be left all note of the greater fitness of unrhymed verse for the drama and for long narrative poems. To the elementary years belongs the preparation for an appreciation of these things, — the training of the ear to sensitive perception.

Even in the higher elementary years, therefore, as before in the lower, the teacher must still be a

reader. It is the reason for his reading that has changed, and this only in part. His pupils no longer greatly need his aid in the mere recognition of the printed symbols and the interpretation of their intellectual content. They do still need his aid in the interpretation of the emotional content and suggestion of the symbol. And this emotional content, carried so largely as it is by rhythm, by vowel and consonant successions and combinations and harmonies, by rhyme and alliteration, by pitch and stress and pause, by the all but indefinable thing that we call quality of voice, as characteristic and distinctive in poets as in singers of another sort, — this emotional content is most surely conveyed by the living voice of the sympathetic reader. By such means, continued from year to year, the teacher is helping to create for growing boys and girls a mingled intellectual and emotional environment, out of which may come finer issues of life. And he is nourishing into more and more conscious life powers that will enable their possessors to find this environment for themselves in books, to re-create it out of the elements in which the poet in the first place incorporated his conception of life and gave it tangible existence.

If the suggestions of preceding chapters be recalled, it will be seen that they make provision for artistic training of another sort still. What we have thus far noted is more fundamental. It is the training that gives us the grammar of poetry.

Better, it is the training that gives us instinctive apprehension of poetry, intuitive understanding of its moods, intuition and comprehension of the life experience incarnate in it. But this experience is of varying sorts and drawn from various sources. It may be personal to the poet, springing from the impinging of the world and its forces on his own life, moving him to gladness or to sorrow, filling him with longing, with regret, with love or scorn or indignation, with mirthfulness or an exalted, enkindled meditation, compelling his mood till he find freedom of self-possession through song. It may be mainly an experience of others, an experience observed, interpreted, lived in imaginatively by the poet, and by him in narration or in drama ascribed to lives that are created by his imagination out of the material offered by observation and tradition. Out of the nature of the experience and the relation of the poet to it, and out of the nature of language, have grown the various types of poetic expression, lyric, epic, dramatic. And all these in one guise or another are to be found in the course suggested in preceding chapters. That course, therefore, gives the provisional and unconscious experience and training which later, in high school and college, may come to conscious recognition and understanding of these great art forms. Whether the special suggestions as to a course be followed or not, it would be unfortunate to omit any one of these forms. They have

grown inevitably out of the life of man and his need of giving utterance to that life. They are great freedom-giving forms of expression. Nor is it the poet alone who finds freedom in them and through them. In so far as the reader enters into them, comprehends them, lives in them, he, too, finds expression in them, finds in them self-realization, and freedom through self-possession. And this power of entering into them, comprehending them, and living in them, comes for most of us through long association and unconscious absorption. For all of us such association immensely enhances the power. It is the business of the elementary school to make sure of this preliminary and unconscious training.

The conscious recognition of prose also as an art medium comes relatively late. The appreciation of the subtle adjustments of sentence structure to the demands of the thought, of the lighting and shading of thought by the rhythms and balance of prose, and by the nicer fitnesses of word and phrase, comes only as a result of long association with artistic prose. As in the case of poetry, the conscious recognition and the increased pleasure and power that spring from knowledge come through long companionship with prose of many moods, through pleasure that is unconscious of its source and content simply to be. Yet here, too, a full development demands that unconsciousness shall gradually merge into consciousness.

This merging may begin even in the elementary

years. Even in the grammar grades girls and boys should already be consciously in possession or coming into conscious possession of various facts concerning language which are not merely linguistic, but artistic as well, in the sense that they are essential conditions to the artistic handling of language and appreciation of such handling, whether in prose or in verse.

Knowledge of the sentence as the unit of speech is one thing for which we may thus hold the grammar school responsible. By this is meant not merely glib possession of definition and the use of grammatical terms for the elements of the sentence and the various parts of speech. It may exist without this power of definition and glibness in use of terms, nor is the possession of these convincing proof of its existence. What is meant is a grasp of the sentence as a group of words that actually says something, that exists, indeed, to say some one thing. This involves, too, a sense of the duty of each word to contribute its part to the whole speech of the sentence. It is not too much to say that such a conception of the sentence is an elementary form of the conception of the law of unity, and of the obligation of the parts harmoniously to serve the fundamental, controlling purpose of the whole.

Further, even in the grammar school we may begin to make boys and girls see the varying capacities of different types of the sentence as instruments of expression. They may become conscious

of the downright, unmodified force of the short simple sentence. They may feel and understand the cumulative power of the well-handled, well-controlled compound sentence, and its weakness and helplessness when it is allowed to wander along a devious course marked only by senseless *ands* and *buts*. They may, in part at least, comprehend the value of the complex sentence, its flexibility, its adjustability, its power of conveying along with its main assertion all the conditions and modifications that are necessary to its truth. And such knowledge of sentence forms is a step, and an important step, toward a perception of language as a medium of art, as a means of expression controlled by law and yet adjusting itself with noble freedom to the demands of the thought.

Again, in getting such knowledge of sentence types as means of expression, boys and girls must begin to perceive certain equivalencies of expression. They must feel the interchangeability of word and phrase and clause, and at the same time begin to become conscious of the change in emphasis due to the exchange of one for another. They may perceive, too, the varying clearness and the shifting force that result from the mere ordering of word and phrase. In short, they may begin to get a sense of relative proportion, of perspective in word expression.

We may hold, then, that grammar school girls and boys may grasp the sentence as the unit of speech,

and thus at least approach the conception of the law of unity that underlies all composition. We may hope to see them, through an elementary understanding of sentence types and their wonderfully varying powers, begin dimly to apprehend the duty of the medium of expression to adjust itself to the sinuosities of thought, the need of accurate correspondence between expression and thought, — in a word, the need of truth in expression. If grammar school boys and girls achieve so much as this, they have acquired at least the alphabet of art. Further progress is but a question of time and opportunity, a question of growth through experience and through continued contact with noble prose. In high school and college and in their private reading they may come to recognize and enjoy the individuality and idiosyncrasy of the prose sentence when it must carry the penetrating, stimulating, authoritative speech of Emerson the seer, the purity and sweetness, the humorous pathetic tenderness, the clear and humane vision of Thackeray, the ardor and the whimsicalities of Dickens, the urbanity and sympathy of Irving and his gentle mirth, the noble freight of thought of Burke, his good sense and his philosophic grasp of relations. By virtue of understanding and sympathy they may be admitted to the rights of comradeship with the prose-writing Milton, with Browne, with De Quincey, with Carlyle, with Holmes and Hawthorne. And these men, greater

and lesser, speaking naturally and freely, compelling speech and the sentence as the unit of speech to the expression of the world and the life of man as they see it with all their wisdom and power of vision, with all their frailties, too, and peculiarities of temper, may be followed, interpreted, and enjoyed. An inexhaustible resource of life, of thought and feeling which are the very substance of life, is thus opened up through a growing mastery of speech forms. And the beginning of this mastery, as we have seen, should be made in the elementary school.

Such a course as we have provided for furnishes still another kind of elementary preparation for the study of literary art. Just as the course in poetry provides for familiarity with lyric, epic, and dramatic forms, and thus creates conditions favorable to a later conscious study of these forms, so the course in prose provides for familiarity with the great forms of discourse, narration, description, exposition, and, though to a much less degree, argument and persuasion. Actual familiarity that has grown through years of acquaintance makes almost spontaneous in later years the recognition of the essential nature of these distinctive forms. It makes relatively easy an apprehension of the laws that control them and an appreciation of their functions. It prepares the way for a better understanding of the art of story-teller and novelist; of the manifold types of essayist, too, from the preg-

nant Bacon to the loitering, beguiling Thackeray, and the Autocrat, aggressive, witty, and humane. And since argument and persuasion must depend for their effectiveness on a skillful mingling and use of the other forms of discourse, it prepares also for a better understanding of speech and appeal.

Work enough in all conscience we have thus laid out for those who would teach literature below the high school. To do it in such wise that girls and boys shall through it enter into such fullness of life as is possible for them, that as the body waxes the inward service of the mind and soul shall indeed grow wide withal — to do it thus makes no small demand on the teacher. No merely casual knowledge of books and half-hearted, superficial playing with the surface of life will serve his need here. He who through literature would help others to live must himself be a living soul. He needs to love life, rejoice in it, and stand in awe of it. He needs to recognize in merely germinal life the essential nature and the promise of all life. In dealing with child life he needs a prophetic vision of the life of manhood or womanhood into which he would have it grow. He must understand that nothing grows out of nothing, that life, if it is to make growth, must be supplied with the means of growth. He must realize that if any life is to reach a maturity of intelligence and feeling and action, it must reach it through a youth of intelligence and feeling and action. He must see the significance of

the actual life before him, its peremptory needs of to-day, its dawning needs of to-morrow. And he must know where to turn to find in literature substance of life to satisfy these needs, in such form, too, that the minds in need can make it their own. He must respect the power of the mind itself, young or old, to grow through its own activity. He must look upon himself only as a creator of conditions, a modifier of environment. And yet, since the mind, whatever its original capacity, is so deeply dependent on the conditions that surround it, so ineffaceably marked by the environment it grows to maturity in, he must respect himself, too, and his function. To insure the true attitude of respect for pupils and for himself, he must think of himself and of them, however, only secondarily as teacher and pupils. Primarily they are alike human beings, bound together as such by a thousand ties of common life instead of by the one tie of their formal relation. This holds true no doubt of all work in the schoolroom, but in literature it is doubly true. For literature, which is life revealed in truth and beauty through art, must ever emphasize the common consciousness of life, for the teacher from the first, and increasingly for pupils as they come into consciousness of themselves. Moreover, as boys and girls do grow into consciousness and into the awkwardness and bewilderment and embarrassment that mark the early stages of the consciousness of maturity, literature, intelligently chosen and

handled, offers an escape from this oppressive sense of themselves. The very life they are newly athirst for, it offers them, but offers it in objective form, outside of themselves, freed from the particular conditions that surround them, freed therefore from the associations that would constantly remind them of themselves. Moreover, the artistic character of all literature, and especially of poetry, its idealized form shaped by the imagination in accordance with laws of beauty and truth to be the expression and revelation of the indwelling life, is in itself a barrier between boys and girls and their own awkward self-consciousness. Protected by it from themselves and imagining that they are dealing merely with the world outside of themselves, they are really discovering themselves through that close contact with life outside. By living with them frankly, deeply, and sincerely in that life, the teacher of literature, without violating the reserve that is the right of every soul, is really living with them in the life that is common to himself and them. If, in so doing, he is mindful of the limits placed upon him by the laws of art and of the freedom they give, if he follows them in merging the merely individual in the universal, he is helping boys and girls to come to greater fullness of life with as little disturbance of soul as may be. And if he, little by little, makes them conscious of the artistic character of literature, makes them perceive the elements of artistic form and their function in expression, he

is giving them possession not only of a new source of pleasure but of increased power to interpret and make their own the life incarnate in that form. He is giving them increase of life.

We are talking of the elementary school, of the years of life between six or seven and fourteen or fifteen. If the abstract statements of the preceding paragraph seem exaggerated when taken by themselves, they should not seem so if read in the light of the whole discussion. Throughout that discussion effort has been made to keep close to the truth, to write guardedly with due recognition of conditions and exceptions, to understate rather than to overstate. That the same terms are used in reference to boys and girls and even to little children that would be in place in speaking of adults — individuality, self-possession, self-realization, self-consciousness, increase of life — is due to the fact that life is conceived to be one in child and youth and adult. It is in different stages of development, to be sure, and manifests itself with superficial differences; but its inherent modes of growth and decay, its inherent needs, under all differences of form, are the same. The function of literature, its fundamental service, is the same in all stages. It is to emphasize this, to show how the work begun in the elementary years should merge into the work of the high school and find fulfillment there and in the life beyond the high school, that the following chapter is added.

V

LITERATURE AND LIFE AFTER THE ELEMENTARY YEARS

It is not the purpose of this chapter primarily either to suggest a course in literature for the high school or to consider in detail high school problems of method. It is rather to see how the principles we have depended on hitherto would guide us here, and to inquire whether the two-fold function of the high school necessitates any vital modification of principle.

The high school is now recognized to be the last school of the many, the college preparatory school of the few. Whether these functions are inherently opposed or inherently harmonious we are hardly agreed. Nor, if they chance to prove in opposition, are we all quite clear in our own minds which should over-ride the other, or what compromise should be established. This confusion of mind alone can account for high school courses that compel pupils to stagger on as they may under a burden of six or eight subjects taken concurrently. The confusion is deepened by the fact that colleges also are no longer sure of their own function and make bewildering demands. And back of the confusion in

each case lies the uneasy consciousness of fields of knowledge immensely broadened within a generation, and of a world life grown correspondingly complex.

Most of us who are actually at work in school or college are so busy in meeting the demands of the work as it now is that we have little time to question the propriety of the demands or the true function of the institution we work in. In this confusion we agree, indeed, upon a few points. Not many will question the assertion, already made, that it is the business of the school to help home and society make a human being out of the undeveloped human animal. Most of us feel that to be truly human we must in one way or another come into our organic inheritance from the past — get possession and control of our bodies with all the physical powers that have been developed and coördinated in the slow process of the creation of man; that we must come into our spiritual inheritance also, the use of the powers of mind and heart that have likewise evolved in the long earth history of man. We all demand, too, some knowledge of the earth itself and of the physical life of the universe apart from man. And we realize that we must know as far as possible the past out of which we have come, and the present in which we must live. Beyond this we are hardly in accord. And even in reference to the points named we are made to seem to differ by reason of the differing empha-

sis we place upon the various *musts*. With one emphasis we come out advocates of the preëminent importance of physical culture, manual training, and domestic economy; with another, upholders of the claims of the sciences; with still another, defenders of the humanities, with the broadened application of the term to include the group of studies of social life that are now growing out of our newly enlarged social consciousness. The effort to satisfy the demands of all these groups — and our very principles seem to demand that they shall in some measure be satisfied — accounts in part for the growth of our present complex and burdensome high school curriculums.

It accounts for this growth only in part, however. The recent remarkable growth of colleges and universities has been coincident with that of high schools. Colleges draw an increasing proportion of their students from high school graduates. It is inevitable that colleges, by the demands they make upon entering students, should for a time exert an overwhelming influence on high school curriculums. Were colleges quite sure of their own functions, could we be sure that they have placed themselves in right relations to the general business of education, this influence were matter for congratulation rather than regret. Were high schools mere preparatory schools, the demands of the colleges might be looked upon as legitimate. As it is, the colleges make an already difficult situation more

difficult. They increase the burdens of teachers and students in some cases to the limits of endurance. And when all is done, we may question whether the result is such an advance toward the true goal of education as the same effort might have achieved if otherwise directed.

The real business of the college is surely in line with the real business of elementary and secondary schools. It is to make men and women. The business of the university, as of technical and professional schools, may well be to make scholars, specialists of many sorts. But the scholar and the specialist should be first a developed man or woman, else scholarship itself must finally lose in integrity and sanity. High schools and colleges, therefore, should seek, even in case of those students who aspire to university learning, to send them out, not half-fledged specialists, but reasonably developed men and women. And in case of the many who from high school and college turn, not to universities nor professional schools, but to merge their lives at once in the social life about them, it is almost a calamity to sacrifice the broadly human to the half-professional. In so far as its close relation to college has given to the high school dignity and seriousness, the relation has been beneficial. In so far as the demands of the college tend to interfere with the most essential function of the high school — the development in its pupils of a broadly human life — and for this to substitute mere preparation

for scholarship, they must sometime come to be seen as mischievous.

It is not our business here to consider college requirements in any department but literature. Nor is it necessary to consider even these in detail. It will serve our purpose merely to indicate why the suffering of the college requirements to dominate or largely to determine our high school course in literature is a misfortune, and later to inquire if the true function of the college itself would not be better served by a bringing of its own requirements into harmony with the true needs of the high school.

What the colleges themselves have thought desirable in high school or preparatory school study of literature we may judge from the books they have assigned ¹ students there for study and reading, and from the questions upon these they have put in examinations. So recently as 1905 they demanded study of one play of Shakespeare's, Milton's "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas," one speech of Burke's, and two essays of Macaulay's. The required reading enlarged this list by the addition of two plays of Shakespeare's, the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Silas Marner," "Ivanhoe," "The Ancient Mariner," Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," "The Princess," and "The Vision of Sir Launfal." In 1900, the Macaulay requirement was the same; one

¹ Through their representatives in the Conference of Colleges and Preparatory Schools.

play of Shakespeare was demanded ; two books of "Paradise Lost" took the place of Milton's minor poems ; while Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite," Pope's "Iliad," and Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" found place on the reading list. It is not necessary to cite these lists in their completeness, as the points to be called attention to are seen clearly enough even from this.

The first question a lover of literature and life and a teacher of boys and girls naturally asked, on seeing these lists, was, What are the colleges trying to get at, trying to insure in their entering students ? Why so much literary criticism and biography combined ? And if literary criticism is so desirable, why turn for it so largely to Macaulay, whose virtues are surely of another order than those of the literary critic ? If boys and girls must get Homer in translation, as the vast majority must if they get him at all, why make them get their first impressions — first and therefore never to be wholly shaken off — from a translation so misleading in spirit as well as in form as Pope's ? Is it difficulties of language that gives Dryden's version of "Palamon and Arcite" preference over Chaucer's ? And why is there picked out for use in high schools a novel so steeped in the spirit of the eighteenth century, so permeated by its double-standard morals, and so needing for its understanding some familiarity with the evolution of social morals as "The Vicar of Wakefield ?"

If one may venture a guess in answer to these questions, it is this : The colleges chose these books as points of departure for the study of literary history and biography. Shakespeare and Milton, to be sure, by virtue of their preëminence would be on every such list, whatever principle controlled the choice. They took Dryden for his commanding position in the seventeenth century, and "Palamon and Arcite" as more easy of approach than his satires. They took Pope as the key to the literature of the eighteenth century, and chose to sacrifice what is most characteristic and important in Homer to what is characteristic in the style that ruled the greater part of that century in English poetry. They took "The Vicar of Wakefield" for its traditional idyllic innocence as well as for its undoubted charm of style and its kindly study of the humor and the pathos of life. Macaulay they took, perhaps, because his energy and vividness of style and his unfailing certainty that he is right make him peculiarly attractive, although also peculiarly misleading, to those who are not yet trained to a finer literary perception. Besides, he is a natural gossip and storyteller, and manages to pack into his biographical-literary essays a fund of information about literary men and things that it is undoubtedly desirable to have. The other names on these lists probably need no comment, unless it be to question whether Cooper's own worth or his historical place in American letters put his name there. In short, the col-

leges, judged by these lists, seemed to desire most in entering students the beginning of a knowledge of literary history and criticism, and to have set books for reading with this in view.

Up to 1909 the requirements are still rigid, and the nature of the books assigned not very different from that of those named above. With the year 1909 new requirements are to come into force. These afford, it is true, a small choice among the books for "study and practice," and make possible a much wider choice of books "for reading." Yet even here a close inspection of the directions reveals that the point of view is still that of the student of literary history, biography, and criticism.

If we turn to the examination questions set by the colleges, the result is not so very different. They evidence a commendable desire to make sure that students know the story or the argument of what they have read, and that they have interpreted correctly the meanings of words unusual in themselves or in their use. They require students to have stored away in memory passages for quotation. They deem it necessary also that students shall be able to locate correctly passages isolated from their context. They make some small demands in the line of "character study." They ask now and then for facts of metrical structure or organization of plot, and they call freely for the lives of authors.

Now there is no question that all the forms of knowledge aimed at by these college requirements,

if our interpretation be just, are more or less desirable, and some of them are even essential; and this whether students are to go on to college or to commence independent life. There is serious question, however, whether just these things are the most desirable things to be got from the study of literature in high schools, whether these are the things it can give that are most needed by boys and girls between the elementary years and the years of full maturity.

The high school takes boys and girls at fourteen or thereabouts to send them out four years later in the main to enter the world about them for the first time as independent sharers in its life. They may still be in some degree under the control of parents, and it is to be hoped that they still have free recourse to their parents' advice and sympathy. None the less they are largely self-directed, attaching themselves to the infinitely varied world and its activities as circumstances and their own impulses, needs, capacities, tastes, and wills determine. They are to enter business, to take up trades, to do the common tasks of daily life, high and low, and to do their part in forming that public opinion which, in its turn, so inexorably determines the beliefs, the prejudices, and the ambitions, moral, social, political, and religious, of the great mass of men and women, and so makes or mars the lives of those who think and act above it or below it. They are to share, more or less fully, in the life of the church,

the state, and the nation. They are to form the closer ties of the individual life, which men enter, not by virtue of birth as members of a family, but by reason of deep-seated instincts and human needs, modified in every case by the sensibilities of temperament and culture—to be friends, lovers, husbands, and wives, and finally, in their turn, fathers and mothers. The high school has four years in which to do its best for these boys and girls who are so near the full life of maturity. Surely it must ask, as the elementary school has asked, not, What will prepare these boys and girls for college in case they should determine to go? but, What do these boys and girls most need to insure in them the bourgeoning of a generous manhood and womanhood?

More than any other subject in school, more intimately and truly even than history, literature reflects the life of man. As we have seen, it gets its immense value from its substance of truth and its form of beauty. By its truth and by its beauty it leads us into a larger world, makes us acquainted with all lands and times, shows us men acting, reflecting, suffering, shows us their motives, their judgments of men and things, shows us their passions and aspirations. It shows us the interrelations of men, the entanglement of life with life that makes the passing whim of one big with destiny for another, that makes it impossible for a man of heart and conscience to act without thought of

what his act may mean to others. It shows us how an individual man can, no more than an age, free himself from the foretime, how he comes with ancestral memories, instincts, forebodings, and fears in the blood, struggling with the judgments of the freer reason, with nobler instincts, too, that come to the rescue of the will from sudden temptations. It shows us the slow gathering together of the forces that have made for civilization. It shows us how the very virtues have come to be what they are out of what would now be ranked otherwise. It reveals the development of personality and its inevitable consequence, — the eternal gravitation of society toward democracy. It reflects the slow growth of yeoman and peasant and laborer toward self-consciousness, their slow winning of recognition as souls and wills as well as hands, and the slower awakening of women from the mere sex-consciousness to a consciousness of their complete humanity. In it, too, we find imaged man's vision of the earth and the heavens and of his relations to them, the groveling fear, the nobler awe, the sense of mastery, the estrangement, the growing sense of unity, the renewed recognition of the earth as the great mother, the new confession of kinship with all her children, the joy and the sorrow, too, in the infinitely multifarious relations that constitute life.

Now, out of all this what do high school boys and girls most need? Surely we must answer now as we

have answered from the first years of school life. They need most what will put most substance of life into their own souls and most enlarge the significance of that social life of which they are already a part, and in which they must soon make their way self-directed. They need what will give dignity and beauty and sanctity to human relations in family, society, and the state; a finer sense of the underlying oneness of the human life so variously manifested in different ages and races; a more vivid consciousness of the relation of human life to all life; a growing recognition of the inexhaustible significance of life; a growing awe of life with its infinite possibilities; and an increasing nobleness of love for life and for the earth which is its abiding home.

These are their primary needs. It is with reference to its capacity for satisfying these that we should first adjudge the claims of any book to a place in the course in literature in secondary schools.

Compared with the needs of children in the first elementary years, compared even with those of boys and girls of the upper grades, the needs of high school boys and girls are ripened needs. They exist not only in reality and for the consciousness of teacher and parent; they are beginning to exist in the consciousness of the very boys and girls themselves. Out of this grows a more vivid curiosity, a more persistent inquiry, a questioning that would comprehend more of the life of the universe

than heretofore, and pierce deeper for the truth. At the same time the new consciousness of self, the sense of an enlarged personality, bewildering in its demands and unsubdued by knowledge, judgment, and the will, creates a new diffidence and awkwardness. The higher elementary years see the beginning of this stage, and, as we have seen, make correspondingly large demands on literature for substance of life, and on the teacher for skill in removing whatever barriers exist to keep apart the craving mind and the life it craves for. The high school, which takes boys and girls when their consciousness of the growing fullness of life has become stronger and the sense of need keener, must supply life still more abundantly; and it must perhaps exercise still more skill in creating conditions that shall bring the craving minds and hearts of youth into vital contact with the action, the passion, the effort, the endurance, the struggle of mind and heart with problems of the personal life, of social life, of state and national life, of body and soul and encompassing universe and their baffling network of interrelations, that confront them in books as well as out.

The substance of life that is now needed to sustain the rapidly developing life of youth may be sought in a wider range. By this time the more mechanical obstacles to the comprehension of literature, whether in prose or verse, are greatly diminished even for the ill-taught. By this time,

too, the obstacles created by immaturity and the absence of interpretative experience are lessened. And the mind, while still clinging with delight to action, the clash of life with life and circumstance, the movement of events in story and drama, is more willing to linger in reflection, in question; is readier to ponder on relations and causes, and to study the situation and the character from which an action springs. It responds more intelligently to moods, and, though continuing harsher in judgment than the adult mind because less capable of appreciating conditions and motives and the influence of circumstance, it has something more of an understanding now than hitherto of the perversities and inconsistencies of human nature. It begins to take a larger view, has a more intelligent sense of nationality, is capable of truer patriotism, capable, too, of a somewhat more intelligent view of opposing beliefs, party creeds and struggles, and even of the conflicts of nation with nation, as all these things appear reflected in literature. Boys and girls of the high school age also are more intelligently responsive to things of the spirit, to its doubts and forebodings and aspirations, its fervors and despondencies, its strenuous endeavor, its ardor of devotion. They are more keenly sensitive to beauty and ugliness in nature and in men and women, have sometimes sharper senses for form and color and tone, and feel more consciously their possible spiritual significance. The mystery of life, its source, its

destiny, its meaning, fascinates the more thoughtful, the quicker souls among them. In them is an insatiable curiosity, an insistent questioning of existence. And in all, but above all in those souls that are most alive, most responsive to the myriad appeals of the encompassing universe of life, there is a tendency to reserve, a shrinking from direct and personal speech on the things of deepest personal interest and significance. The enlarged capacities determine the deepened needs, and both alike call for a wider range in the literature that shall be supplied for sustenance and for increase of life.

The pudency and reserve of youth make a further demand. Very much of what high school boys and girls read or should read to meet the needs of crescent life they should read with a complete sense of freedom, with no afterthought of being questioned upon it, of having to form opinions and pass judgments of any sort. That is to say, the library, already so helpful in the elementary school, is indispensable to the true end of literature in the high school. And teachers should learn in a measure to keep hands off, to see that books of a vital sort are accessible, and the book-room attractive, and then to hold their peace except as their class work may influence the tastes and the choice of books.

Further, in the classroom itself teachers need the wisdom of the serpent. They need to be franker of speech than they would be to any but the closest

friend, yet frank in such impersonal wise as not to shock in any way this instinct of reserve. They need to respond to the unspoken question, and in responding to seem all unconscious of the question. They need to take some things for granted, to respect hesitation that springs from a mind actually at work on a problem, or from a feeling that shrinks from revelation. They need to put themselves in their pupils' places, and to respect in them the reserves they would themselves insist upon. Again, the reserve and the awkward self-consciousness accompanying the quickened emotional life of youth make it inadvisable to use novels for classroom work early in the course. It is not merely that most novels centre about a love story. Boys and girls in the earliest high school years can read love stories in class without awkwardness when they find them in poetic form, and handled simply and plainly. The idealized form of verse, while it expresses feeling more immediately and potently than prose, serves also by its deviations from the speech of actual life, and by its reminder that we are confronting not actual life but life re-created and interpreted by art, to remove awkward self-consciousness. Novels, by their assimilation to the forms of everyday life and speech, by their detailed presentation of scenes as closely as possible in the spirit and tone of the real life of men and women, tend rather to quicken this awkwardness and self-consciousness. Boys and girls in the first

year or two of the high school have little command of impersonal speech, of general speech. When they utter opinions frankly, it is to them as if they had turned themselves inside out. They do not like to do it under compulsion of class discussion of love stories. Nor are they, under such circumstances, likely to be honest. A little later, when they have lived a little longer with the larger life of emotion and have acquired more self-possession and more command of speech, they are ready for this classroom work with novels. And when they are ready for it, few things can be more fundamentally and permanently helpful. Few things can help them to feel more deeply the significance of personal relations, the dignity and beauty of love, its essential sanctity, and the obligations and responsibilities it places on the individual life. Few things can give a clearer view of the pressure of community life on the individual, of the inevitable shaping of the individual life by social forces, of the reaction, too, of the individual on society. Few things can bring more sharply home to these lives, fancying themselves perhaps isolated, solitary, and misunderstood, the amazing likeness of all human lives growing out of the human nature common to all. Few things can fill them with deeper respect for what is worthy in feeling and conduct, with a deeper comprehension of the meaning of conduct that tends to dissipate the forces of the individual life and to disintegrate the life of organized society.

Of course all this is said on the supposition that the novels chosen for use are well chosen, and are handled by the teacher frankly and plainly, with dignity and intelligence. The novels of Scott, George Eliot, and Thackeray, are peculiarly fitted for this work. Scott, with his historic backgrounds and the movement of national life creating the conditions under which his characters must work out their destinies, compels a recognition of the relation of the individual life to the organized life of the nation. George Eliot, with her never-sleeping consciousness of the responsibility and duty of the individual, with her sense of the immense power over human fates of the intangible social forces, — beliefs, prejudices, superstitions, social laws, tacit moral and social assumptions, — with the compassionate sternness and rectitude of her pictures of the conflict of the individual life, weak and strong, noble and ignoble, with these forces, enlightens the understanding as to the meaning of life and the conditions under which it must be lived, enlarges the heart with the sympathy that is born of understanding, and strengthens the moral fibre. More than either Scott or Thackeray, also, though less than George Meredith, she finds her theme in the approach of women to the full human consciousness, the inner struggle it involves in the effort at self-knowledge and self-possession, the outer struggle with a world organized on a basis that presupposes in women, in the main,

mere sex-consciousness and gives to men alone the full measure of human consciousness. Very likely the books in which this theme is most fully developed may not be read in class, but if those so read create a taste for George Eliot, the library should stand ready to gratify it with these. And a sense of the transformation in consciousness that is going on in women will go far in the reading of many a riddle in the social life of the century. Thackeray, clear-headed, keen-eyed, loving-hearted, compassionate with foibles, scornful with meanness, patient with weakness, honoring strength of arm and heart and mind, so soft-hearted that for sheer self-defense he wears the armor of sarcasm, gentle, yet ever with sharpened lance ready to tilt against sham and hypocrisy of every sort, even in himself, — Thackeray, so wise in the ways of the human heart, so stern a moralist, so humble and loving a fellow-mortal, should be revealed to high school students as what he is, that he may begin to be a friend and helper in need. All these novelists, moreover, by the solidity of their themes, the integrity of their thinking, the cleanness and truth of their feeling, beget a directness and dignity in their readers. This should insure in the classroom a wholesome atmosphere, and a frank and self-respecting discussion.

The work with novels, then, should be deferred to the last year. In the earlier years there is enough to do without them. As in the elementary years,

poetry should still be made one of the chief interpreters of life. The poets named for those years may now be drawn on more heavily. Especially time should be made for a deeper acquaintance with Wordsworth and Tennyson, and with the best lyrists from the nameless singers of ballads down to men and women of to-day. For life still moves to song. Love of child and man and woman, love of country, and love of righteousness and mercy and justice, love of sky and sea and mountain, of bird and brook, of open air and the free foot and comradeship, all these beat in the verse of living poets. Awe and reverence, too, are there, the humble heart, and the upreaching spirit. Poetry is not a thing of the past, and it were a pity not to let boys and girls know something of the present singers.

What has been said of the handling of verse in the elementary years applies here. Only now boys and girls may gradually be made more conscious of the relations between the elements of verse as means of expression and the content that is expressed and its effect upon themselves. All that Mr. Corson calls the "coefficients of poetic expression, rhythm, metre, stanza, rhyme, assonance, alliteration, melody, and harmony," they may be made to understand in their organic relation to expression, and this without forcing the subject into prominence as an end in itself. Every element of verse should be treated as a means to an end,

and noted and valued solely with reference to the end, interpretation of thought and feeling. So studied and valued, they make possible a deeper acquaintance with the poet, and a closer contact with life, not alone in his verse but in the world which inspires his verse and is imaged in it.

The greater tendency of high school boys and girls toward reflection, their quickened curiosity as to life and its meaning, make possible considerable use of the essay. Next to verse this has been made by the masters of the art the most intimate revealer of the writer's mind. It is the form used for the direct confession of his beliefs, doubts, loves, hates, prejudices, whims, superstitions, vanities, for his questionings of the meanings of things, his answers to his own questions, his ignorance, his vision of truth. We may not use Montaigne, perhaps. He needs for true readers men and women of wider experience and greater knowledge of themselves and of the world. We shall not care to use many of Bacon's essays, for too often they depress from their instinctive reference of all things to a prudential standard. Lamb and Thackeray, though like Montaigne they need more knowledge of life in their readers as well as an instinctive sense of humor and pathos, may furnish a few essays that even high school boys and girls are ready for. Probably the best, however, for our purposes, is Emerson. Much of him is beyond these readers. It is not necessary, probably, to interpret every one of

his mystic, oracular sentences in even the essays we choose. But his high soul, his ardor, his prophet's zeal, his seer's vision of truth, his heroic self-reliant stand by truth as he sees it, appeal strongly to the instinctively idealizing spirit of youth. His influence is the more needed, because in the tumult of voices calling on young souls from the world of trade and public life so few speak for righteousness and honesty, so few call upon the heroic instincts.

Speeches also must find place in our high school course. Nor should they be studied merely for guidance in the construction of orations and arguments. Rather they should be studied for the life that is in them, studied in relation to the great movements and occasions that gave rise to them, studied for their freightage of thought, for the moral passion that bears up the thought, studied sometimes, as in the case of Burke, for their philosophic temper, their good sense, their fairness of mind, their far-seeing grasp of cause and effect, for their understanding of motives, their comprehension of men. The effort to get thus at the heart of a great speech by Burke or Webster or Phillips or Chatham will necessarily unfold the structure of the speech, fix attention upon the order of the marshaling of topics, the modes of transition, of emphasis, the type of argument, the motive and manner of appeal, the mode of rounding the whole to a conclusion. It may even enforce attention to sentence structure, to use of illustrations and figures, and to choice of

words. All these things are valuable, but, as in the case of the elements of verse, they should be treated always as means to an end, as mere elements of expression. Speeches and orations, so studied, feed the appetite for knowledge of men and national life, give the right sustenance for the time to the restless desire to be consciously a sharer in great movements, an actor in great events. And they prepare for more intelligent activity, whether in the ordinary duties of citizenship or in the actual leadership and control that come to the few.

And, finally, the drama must here be given good measure of time and study. And the drama here means Shakespeare. As we have seen, we may read Shakespeare even in the last elementary years, read him with pleasure and profit. But students in the high school carry far more of life to the reading, and in consequence find far more of life there, and make it a part of themselves. In the elementary school the end of the reading is in the main a clear conception of events and their relations, a fair outline conception of character, and such familiarity with dramatic form as makes it possible for the young reader to get at the action in a play for himself and to take pleasure in doing it. The high school should do more for its students, and, that it may do all that it should, the main study of Shakespeare should be left to the fourth year and the end of the third. The three years, or almost three, since the close of the elementary school life, have

done much toward the maturing of body, mind, and heart. Girls and boys alike can now bring to Shakespeare's world larger sympathies, better understanding of character and motive, a clearer comprehension of the influence of personality on personality, and of circumstance on motive and conduct. In short, they are better prepared for the study of complex human action and character, better prepared to see the issues involved, and to grasp the significance of the interplay of conflicting desires and motives and actions. Nothing in all literature can give a deeper sense of life, nothing makes to the student a clearer revelation of himself, nothing calls upon him for a deeper realization of the oneness of life in all hearts, saint, and hero, and sage, and criminal, and clown, or so shows at the same time the immensity of the divergence between them, and the pity of it and the glory of it all. He must see life steadily and see it whole who looks through Shakespeare's eyes. While we may not even in the high school—even in college indeed—bring our students to do this fully, we may help them, we may put them in the way of doing it, start them on the road which they must travel by themselves if they would finally come to this goal.

By some such course as has thus been briefly suggested, by such handling of poem and essay, speech and drama and novel, always with the aim of bringing whatever is fundamental in the life of each and makes it what it is into close and vitaliz-

ing contact with the life of girl and boy, the work in the high school would be made a natural development of the work already suggested for the elementary years. Together they would contribute immensely to the humanizing of that being so brutish, so terrible beyond all other brutes, when left unhumanized, and when humanized so noble in reason, so infinite in faculty, in form and moving so express and admirable, in action so like an angel, in apprehension so like a god, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals, — man.

The ends that colleges now hold up for high school study of literature are worthy in themselves, but are distinctly secondary, subsidiary, to this larger purpose. They may be almost as well achieved incidentally to the achievement of the truer purpose as if lifted into preëminence. Even if this were not so, if these must suffer from the pursuit of the nobler aim, why, then, they should suffer. The high school should recognize that its primary purpose is to contribute the very best it can contribute through its course and its instruction to making boys and girls into men and women of generous, intelligent minds and hearts, and capable hands. If this also fits them to take up the work in college, it is well. If not, surely the pertinent question is whether colleges themselves are on the right track. At present, it seems possible that they are setting an undue value, in some departments, on certain types of knowledge. They seem almost

to forget that their function, too, is the making of men and women. If they were to come to a full realization of this, it seems that they must set themselves to a readjustment of their own work. They must see that the "Committee of Ten" were very likely right in maintaining that boys and girls who are going to college and those who are not should study the same things and in the same way. But they would not determine what those things should be and how they should be studied by reference to any preconceived standard of what a college should teach and what sort of information is needed to put the stamp of conventional breeding on men and women. They would see that the centre of interest, the real being to be considered, is never either the high school or the college. It is always the undeveloped human being for whose development elementary and high school and college alike exist. They would see that the all-important thing for this being is to become truly human, capable of intelligent human thought and feeling and action in a world always struggling itself to a fuller realization of humanity, a completer civilization. And perhaps they would realize that it is far less important to know when Dr. Johnson lived, from what sources Shakespeare drew the several stories of "The Merchant of Venice," or to be able to quote with verbal accuracy lines from half a dozen poets, than it is to understand how Shylock could be so unrelenting, Portia so uncon-

sciously cruel in the guise of mercy, or to feel the soul of Milton in the majestic cadence of his verse, or to recognize in many a minor poet a soul attuned to melody, a mind responsive to the deeper meanings of its times, and a heart of fellowship. They would be ready to join hands not merely with high school instructors but with elementary teachers also in determining what is most needed from age to age for the human development of boys and girls. And then they would be ready to take young men and women where high schools must leave them when they have done their best to this end. It is only by intelligently facing the fact that schools and colleges exist for the same end that we shall ever unify our means of education. Unification means a great saving of time and energy, but the unification must be determined by the essential needs of the being to be educated. Subjects must be made to contribute according to their own essential natures to the satisfying of these needs. When this is done, we shall not make of literature a polite accomplishment. We shall see in it a catholic expression of the life of man. We shall use it, from the primary school up, as an interpreter of life, as a sustainer of the spirit, as a begetter of a larger life in the mind and soul.

APPENDIX

THE following lists are intended to make more specific the recommendations as to class and outside reading made in Chapters II, III, and V. They include also some additional names and an occasional comment. These lists are inserted here to be easy of reference for those who may find them a convenience, and to be out of the way of such readers of the book as may prefer to make their own selections.

It will be seen that, not merely for the first four years but throughout, the lists include matter for outside reading not easily accessible to many pupils and, because of the expense involved, wholly beyond the command of many schools for general class use. I have, nevertheless, inserted them deliberately. Some of them teachers will have in their own libraries. Some of them may be found in public libraries, even in villages. And if school boards can be educated to see the needs of schools in their charge, they can be induced to put a bookcase in every schoolhouse, and gradually to put on its shelves a large part of the material suggested in these lists. It is with this in mind that the poems so freely recommended from less commonly acces-

sible poets have been in the main restricted to such as are included in some half dozen anthologies of moderate cost for general readers or are published in very inexpensive form especially for schools.

I append a list of such anthologies.

Bullen, A. H. *Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists*. Scribner, \$1.75. *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books*. Scribner, \$1.75.

Child, Francis James. *English and Scottish Ballads*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 vols. \$1.50 each; 1 vol. \$3.00.

Bellamy, Blanche Wilder. } *Open Sesame*. Ginn &
Goodwin, Maud Wilder. } Co., 3 vols. \$.50 each.

Hazard, Bertha. *Three Years with the Poets*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$.50.

Long, Augustus White. *American Poems*. American Book Co., \$.90.

Page, Curtis Hidden. *The Chief American Poets*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.75.

Palgrave, Francis Turner. *A Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, First Series and Second Series. The Macmillan Co., \$1.00 each; school edition, \$.25. *The Children's Treasury of English Song*. The Macmillan Co., \$1.00; school edition, \$.50.

Parrott and Long. *English Poems from Chaucer to Kipling*. Ginn & Co., \$.90.

Patmore, Coventry. *The Children's Garland from the Best Poets*. The Macmillan Co., \$1.00.

- Quiller-Couch, A. T. *The Oxford Book of Verse*.
The Clarendon Press, \$1.90.
- Reppier, Agnes. *A Book of Famous Verse*.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$.75.
- Scudder, Horace E. *Verse and Prose for Beginners*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$.25.
- Stedman, E. C. *A Victorian Anthology*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.50. *An American Anthology*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.00.
- Syle, L. D. *From Milton to Tennyson*. Allyn & Bacon, \$1.00.
- Thacher, Lucy W. S. *The Listening Child*. The Macmillan Co., \$1.25; school edition, \$.50.
- Ward, Thomas Humphrey. *The English Poets*. The Macmillan Co., 4 vols., \$1.00 each.
- Whiteford, Robert N. *Anthology of English Poetry*. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., \$1.00.
- Whittier, John G. *Child Life in Poetry*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00; school edition, Selections from, \$.40.

It should be possible to take for granted the presence in every schoolhouse — not every schoolroom — of copies of the complete poetical works of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Emerson, Scott, Tennyson, and Shakespeare. Wordsworth should be found, if not complete, then in Arnold's volume of selections. A good translation of the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey* and, if possible, of the *Æneid*, should be added. In verse Bryant's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are perhaps best for school purposes,

but better in several ways are the prose versions of the *Iliad* by Leaf, Lang, and Myers, and of the *Odyssey* by Palmer, or by Butcher and Lang. Dryden's or Conington's *Æneid* may be recommended.

With a bookcase thus supplied, the teachers in any school from first year up have the means of bringing their pupils into contact with well-nigh everything in poetry that is included in these lists.

In prose the case is somewhat different. There is little that corresponds with the verse anthologies in bringing treasures within reach except in the case of folk and fairy tales and heroic legends, but of these there is almost an embarrassment of riches. The following collections are easily obtained:—

Andersen, Hans Christian. *Tales*.

Baldwin, James. *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*,
The Story of Siegfried, The Story of Roland.

Church, Alfred J. *The Story of the Iliad, The
Story of the Odyssey, Stories from Herodotus,
Stories of the Old World*.

Grimm, Jakob and Wilhelm. *Fairy Tales*.

Kingsley, Charles. *Greek Heroes*.

Lamb, Charles. *The Adventures of Odysseus*.

Lamb, Charles and Mary. *Tales from Shakespeare*.

Lang, Andrew. *The Fairy Books*.

Norton, Charles Eliot. *The Heart of Oak Books*.

Scudder, Horace E. *Book of Legends, Fables and
Folk Stories*.

As soon as children can read at all for themselves, they should be allowed the privilege of taking books from the shelves to read even in study hours, if they have mastered their required lessons. The fifteen minutes or half hour so spent now and then will be among the best things the school can give them.

But even after pupils can read easily the teacher should very frequently read to them. Things that he could not otherwise make clear, feelings that it would baffle him to express himself or interpret in others, he can easily communicate through the curiously subtle emotional power of the voice. It is the most democratic of modes of expression. It makes or reveals us as of one blood. The comradeship it establishes between pupil and teacher is of the most instinctive and wholesome sort. Further, the comradeship it establishes between pupils and the poets and great story-tellers is also most wholesome and inspiring. Before they realize it boys and girls are thus led out of childishness — not childlikeness — into intelligent, open-minded perception and enjoyment of the best things. The actual reading in class by boys and girls themselves should then constantly be supplemented by the teacher's reading. It is through this means that many of the poems here named and some of the prose tales should be brought into the lives of pupils. And it is that teachers may have the necessary means at hand that a well-stocked bookcase is urged for every school.

POEMS AND TALES FOR THE FIRST FOUR YEARS

NOTE. *As in these years the teacher must in the main be the reader, no effort is made here to distinguish between class reading and outside reading. The arrangement of authors is approximately chronological rather than alphabetical. Yet at the very first are put the verse and prose best suited for beginners, regardless alike of chronology and alphabet.*

Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, Puss in Boots, Little One Eye, Little Two Eyes, and Little Three Eyes, The Traveling Musicians, or The Four Musicians, The Babes in the Woods, Little Red Riding Hood, Tom Thumb, Hans in Luck, The Three Bears, Jack and the Bean Stalk, The Golden Bird, The White Cat, Prince Cherry, The Lion and the Mouse, The Fox and the Grapes, The Tortoise and the Hare, The Sun and the Wind, The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, The Goose that laid the Golden Eggs, The Fisherman and His Wife, Rumpel Stilts Kin.

(These may be added to almost *ad libitum*.)

Andersen, Hans Christian. *The Ugly Duckling, The Pine Tree, The Beetle.*

Moore, Clement Clarke. *A Visit from St. Nicholas.*

Welsh, Charles. *The Story of a Donkey*, adapted from the French of Madame de Ségur.

Kipling, Rudyard. *The Jungle Books.* To be read by teacher in third year.

Defoe, Daniel. *Robinson Crusoe.*

Pyle, Howard. *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.*

Holbrook, Florence. *Northland Heroes.*

Brown, Abbie Farwell. *In the Days of Giants.*

Kingsley, Charles. *Greek Heroes.*

Church, Alfred J. *The Story of the Iliad, The Story of the Odyssey, Stories from Herodotus, The Story of the Æneid, Stories of the Old World, and Early Britain*, translated from the French.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. *The Story of a Cat.*

Norton, Charles Eliot. *The Heart of Oak Books, I-III.*

Mother Goose Melodies.

Stevenson, R. L. *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. *Hiawatha.*

Field, Eugene. *Wynken, and Blynken, and Nod, The Rock-a-By Lady, The Night Wind, Night-fall in Dordrecht, Little Boy Blue, The Drum, "Booh!" The Top, The Shut-Eye Train, The Cunnin' Little Thing.*

Herford, Oliver. *The Elf and the Dormouse.*

Macdonald, George. *The Baby.*

Miller, William. *Willie Winkie.*

Tennyson, Charles Frederick. *Letty's Globe.*

Unknown. *Two Rivers (Says Tweed to Till).*

ENGLISH POETRY

These Elizabethan songs should in the main be read by the teacher.

- Ballads. *Robin Hood and the Widow's Three Sons, Robin Hood's Death and Burial, Sir Patrick Spens* (as given by Ward and Miss Repplier), *The Babes in the Wood*.
- Lyly, John. *Cupid and Campaspe, Fairy Revels, The Urchin's Dance*.
- Greene, Robert. *Sephestia's Song to her Child, The Eagle and the Fly*.
- Nash, Thomas. *Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king*.
- Shakespeare, William. Songs from *The Tempest*: *Full fathom five, Where the bee sucks, Come unto these yellow sands*; Songs from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: *Over hill, over dale, You spotted snakes with double tongue*; Song from *Love's Labour's Lost*: *When icicles hang by the wall*; Songs from *As You Like It*: *Under the greenwood tree, From the East to western Ind, Blow, blow, thou winter wind*; Songs from *Cymbeline*: *Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings, Fear no more the heat o' the sun*; Song from *Twelfth Night*: *When that I was and a little tiny boy*; Songs from *A Winter's Tale*: *Jog on, jog on the footpath way, Lawn as white as driven snow, Will you buy any tape?*
- Jonson, Ben. *On Salathiel Pavy, Buzz and Hum*.
- Fletcher, John. *Great God Pan*.
- Dekker, Thomas. *Song of the Cyclops, Golden slumbers kiss you*.

- Munday, Anthony. *Robin Hood Borne on his Bier, The Song of Robin Hood and his Huntsmen.*
- Heywood, Thomas. *Pack, clouds, away, Ye little birds that sit and sing.*
- Bullen, A. H., editor. *Lyrics from the Song Books of the Elizabethan Age.*
Anonymous. *The Elves' Dance, The Fairies' Dance, The Satyrs' Dance, There was a frog swum in the lake, Let us in a lover's round, Sweet Suffolk Owl, The Bellman's Song, The Marriage of the Frog and the Mouse.*
- Herrick, Robert. *Upon a Child that's dead, Upon a Child, Grace for a Child.*
- Prior, Matthew. *To a Child of Quality.*
- Watts, Isaac. *Cradle Song.*
- Cowper, William. *John Gilpin.*
- Blake, William. *Infant Joy, The Lamb, A Laughing Song, The Echoing Green, A Cradle Song, The Nurse's Song, Piping down the valley wild.*
- Wordsworth, William. *Lines written in March, My heart leaps up, The Sparrow's Nest, Incident Characteristic of a Favourite Dog, Lucy Gray, The Pet Lamb, Alice Fell, The Redbreast and Butterfly, To a Butterfly (Stay near me), To a Butterfly (I've watched you now), Fidelity, Daffodils, Hart-leap Well, The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.*
- Hogg, James. *A Boy's Song.*
- Lamb, Charles. *Nonsense Verses.*
- Campbell, Thomas. *Hohenlinden.*

Hemans, Felicia. *Casabianca*.

Howitt, Mary. *The Fairies of Caldon Low*.

Lord Tennyson, Alfred. *The Brook, The Owl (First Song), The Owl (Second Song), The Goose, Sweet and Low, Break, Break, Break, The City Child, Minnie and Winnie, The Throstle, Snowdrop, Song, "Beat upon mine, little heart,"* from *Romney's Remorse, The Merman, Flower in the crannied wall, Lady Clare, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Crossing the Bar*.

Browning, Robert. *Pippa's Song, The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

Allingham, William. *The Fairies, Robin Redbreast*.

Lear, Edward. *The Owl and the Pussy Cat, The Jumblies, The Pobble, Lines to a Young Lady, Limericks*.

Carroll, Lewis. *The Walrus and the Carpenter, Father William, The Hunting of the Snark, Ways and Means, Sylvie and Bruno*.

AMERICAN POETRY

Bryant, William Cullen. *Robert of Lincoln, Sella, The Little People of the Snow, The Death of the Flowers*.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. *Fable: The Mountain and the Squirrel, Sacrifice*.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. *The Children's Hour, The Village Blacksmith, The Wreck of the Hesperus, The Arrow and the Song, The Emperor's Bird's-Nest, The Reaper and the*

Flowers, From My Arm-Chair, The Rainy Day.

Whittier, John Greenleaf. *Telling the Bees, My Playmate, At Port Royal, Barbara Frietchie, The Barefoot Boy, In School-Days, The Robin, The Huskers, The Corn Song, Skipper Ireson's Ride.*

Lowell, James Russell. *The Fountain, The First Snow-Fall.*

Cary, Alice. *To Mother Fairie.*

Cary, Phœbe. *The Good Little Sister, A Legend of the Northland, The Leak in the Dyke.*

Larcom, Lucy. *Spring Whistles, Fawn-Footed Nannie, Swinging on a Birch Tree.*

Piatt, Mrs. S. M. B. *The Little Boy I Dreamed About, The Sad Story of a Little Girl, At Hans Andersen's Funeral, Voices of the Night, Comfort through a Window.*

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. *Kriss Kringle, Alec Yeaton's Son, Baby Bell.*

Thaxter, Celia. *The Sandpiper, Chanticleer, The Cradle, The Blind Lamb, The Birds' Orchestra, Milking, The Burgomaster Gull, Spring, The Great White Owl, Inhospitality, Little Gustava, Piccola, The Shag, Robin's Rain Song, The Waning Moon, The Kingfisher, Wild Geese, A Triumph, Rescued, The Wreck of the Pocahontas.*

Thomas, Edith. *A Bear Story, A Labrador Team.*

Peabody, Josephine Preston. *The Busy Child,*

*Late, Early, Wind, Cow-Bells, Concerning Love,
The Masterpiece.*

Wells, Carolyn. *A Nonsense Anthology.*

West, Paul. *The Cumberbunce.*

Parke, Walter. *Limericks.*

Burgess, Gelett. *The Purple Cow, The Lazy Roof,
My Feet.*

Anonymous. *'T is Midnight, My Dream, My
Home, In the Dumps, Limericks.*

FOR THE SECOND FOUR YEARS

For convenience, titles of matter that may well be read by pupils in class are marked with an asterisk (*); of what teachers should read aloud, with a dagger (†); where either method is suitable, both asterisk and dagger (*†) are used; what should in the main be left for private reading, stimulated by the teacher's reading aloud from it, is marked with a double dagger (‡). In case of the prose, the first titles are placed first merely with reference to their availability early in the period. Thereafter titles and authors are placed approximately in chronological order in groups of stories, outdoor books and papers, and essays or sketches.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PROSE

Arabian Nights' Entertainments. **The Story of Sindbad the Sailor*, **The Story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*, **The History of Ali Baba and the Forty Robbers*, **The Fisherman*

and the Genie, **The Story of the Enchanted Horse.*

Swift, Jonathan. **Gulliver's Travels*, Parts I and II.

Ruskin, John. **The King of the Golden River.*

Ouida. *† *The Nürnberg Stove*, *†‡ *A Dog of Flanders.*

Lamb, Charles and Mary. *†‡ *Tales from Shakespeare.*

Brown, Dr. John. **Rab and His Friends* (in eighth year), *† *Our Dogs*, †‡ *Marjorie Fleming.*

Gaskell, Mrs. Elizabeth Cleghorn. †**Cranford* (in eighth year).

Thackeray, William Makepeace. †‡ *The Rose and the Ring.*

Hale, Edward Everett. *† *Ten Times One is Ten*, †**The Man without a Country.*

Hughes, Thomas. ‡ *Tom Brown's School Days*, ‡ *Tom Brown at Oxford.*

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. †‡ *The Story of a Bad Boy.*

Howells, William Dean. ‡ *A Boy's Town.*

Warner, Charles Dudley. †‡ *Being a Boy.*

Twain, Mark. ‡ *Tom Sawyer*, ‡ *Huckleberry Finn*, ‡ *Innocents Abroad*, ‡ *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, ‡ *Prince and Peasant.*

(In the case of all these books by Mark Twain, teachers should manage to read enough with the class to insure a common consciousness of enjoyment and fellowship.)

Lanier, Sidney. ‡*The Boy's King Arthur*, ‡*The Boy's Mabinogion*.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. *‡*Kidnapped*, *‡*Treasure Island*.

White, William Allen. ‡*The Court of Boyville*.

Lang, Andrew. ‡‡*Translation of Aucassin and Nicolette*.

Franklin, Benjamin. *‡*Autobiography*.

Irving, Washington. **Rip Van Winkle*, **The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, ‡‡*Knickerbocker's History of New York*.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. **The Great Stone Face*, *‡*Feathertop*, ‡*The New Adam and Eve*, ‡*The Celestial Railway*, ‡*The Intelligence Office*, *‡*Earth's Holocaust*.

Lowell, James Russell. **Abraham Lincoln*. *‡*My Garden Acquaintance*, *‡*A Good Word for Winter*.

Walton, Izaak. ‡‡*The Compleat Angler*.

White, Gilbert. ‡‡*The Natural History of Selborne*.

Parkman, Francis. *‡*The Oregon Trail*.

Thoreau, Henry D. ‡**Wild Apples*, ‡*Walking*, ‡*A Winter Walk*, ‡*The Succession of Forest Trees*, ‡‡*Cape Cod*, ‡‡*Walden Pond*, ‡*A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, ‡*Early Spring in Massachusetts*, ‡*Summer*, ‡*Autumn*, ‡*Winter*.

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. ‡‡*Outdoor Papers*.

Burroughs, John. **Birds and Bees*, **Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers*, ‡*Sharp Eyes and Other Papers*, ‡*Wake-Robin*, ‡*Winter Sunshine*.

(All Burroughs's books should be accessible for private reading, if possible.)

Muir, John. *††*Mountains of California*, *††*Our National Parks*.

Thompson-Seton, Ernest. ††*Wild Animals I Have Known*, ††*Krag and Johnny Bear*, ‡*Lives of the Hunted*, ‡*Biography of a Grizzly*.

Long, William J. ††*The School of the Woods*, ††*Wilderness Ways*, ††*Ways of Wood Folk*.

It should be remembered that the list of poems for the first four years contains much that can with advantage be used in the second four and even in the high school. In like manner, the following list, suggesting additions to the former, contains much that is equally adapted to high school use. The arrangement is roughly chronological.

ENGLISH POETRY

Unknown. † *Sumer is icumen in*.

Chaucer, Geoffrey: From the *Prologue to The Canterbury Tales*: *† *The Knight*, *† *The Squire*, *† *The Shipman*, *† *The Monk*, *† *The Clerk*, *† *The Poor Parson*; From *The Knight's Tale*: † *The Preparation for the Joust*, † *The Joust*.

(All these belong to the eighth year, and should be read mainly by the teacher.)

Hawes, Stephen. † *The Character of a True Knight*.
 Ballads. †* *The Douglas Tragedy*, †* *The Nut-Brown Maid*, †* *Binnorie*, O *Binnorie*, †* *The Twa Corbies*, †* *A Lyke Wake Dirge*, †* *Kinmont Willie*, †* *Annan Water*, †* *The Bonnie House of Airlie*, †* *Edom o' Gordon*.

Wyatt, Sir Thomas. † *Forget Not Yet*.

Earl of Surrey, Henry Howard. † *The Means to Attain Happy Life*.

Gascoigne, George. † *The Lullaby of a Lover*.

Spenser, Edmund. *Faerie Queene*: *† *The Red Cross Knight and Una*, Book I, Canto I, 1-9,
 *† *Una and the Lion*, Book I, Canto II, 1-15,
 *† *Una and the Satyrs*, Book I, Canto VI, 7-18.

Raleigh, Sir Walter. † *Reply to Marlowe's The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, † *Verses Found in his Bible at the Gale House*, † *Pilgrim to Pilgrim*.

Lyly, John. † *Spring's Revels*, † *Syrinx*, † *Song to Apollo*.

Peele, George. * ‡ *Song of Paris and Ænone*,
 * † *Farewell to Arms*, † *Spread, Table, Spread*.

Greene, Robert. † *Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content*.

Drayton, Michael. * *The Battle of Agincourt*.

Marlowe, Christopher. † *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*.

Dyer, Sir Edward. † *My mind to me a kingdom is*.

Sylvester, Joshua. † *Were I as base as is the lowly plain*.

Lodge, Thomas. † † *My Phyllis hath the morning sun.*

Dekker, Thomas. † *Troll the Bowl*, † *Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain*, † *Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?* † *Lullaby; Golden slumbers kiss your eyes.*

Bullen, A. H., editor. *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books*: † *In the merry month of May* (by Nicholas Breton), † *Weep you no more, sad fountains*, † *Jack and Joan they think no ill* (by Thomas Campion), † *Turn in, my Lord, turn into me*, † * *The man of life upright*, † *The King's Progress.*

Shakespeare, William. * *All the world's a stage* (*As You Like It*), * *Who is Silvia? What is she?* (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*), † * *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?* (*Twelfth Night*), † * *Come away, come away, death* (*Twelfth Night*), † * *Done to death by slanderous tongues* (*Much Ado about Nothing*), † * *Sigh no more, ladies* (*ibid.*), † * *How shall I your true love know?* (*Hamlet*), *And will he not come again?* (*ibid.*), † * *Take, O take those lips away* (*Measure for Measure*), † * *Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed* (*Macbeth*): † * *Sonnets: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Weary with toil I haste me to my bed, When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, Full many a glorious morning have I seen, Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry, No longer*

mourn for me when I am dead, From you I have been absent in the spring, Let me not to the marriage of true minds : † From The Passionate Pilgrim: Crabbed Age and Youth, As it fell upon a day : * Julius Cæsar (seventh year) : * The Merchant of Venice (eighth year).*

Throughout this Elizabethan period and the following many selections are marked with the dagger that should be starred for class reading if only they were to be found in accessible form. Even as it is, as many as possible of them should be read by pupils. Some of them may well be assigned for learning by heart and for recitation by individuals.

Wotton, Sir Henry. * *The Character of a Happy Life.*

Middleton, Thomas, and Rowley, William. † *Happy times we live to see.*

Webster, John. † *Call for the robin redbreast and the wren.*

Brome, Richard. † *Come, come away! the spring.*

Jonson, Ben. * *Hymn to Diana*, * † *Hymn to Pan*, † *So White, So Soft, So Sweet is She*, * † *It is not growing like a tree*, † *A Hymn (Hear me, O God).*

Fletcher, John. † * *Shepherds all and maidens fair*, * † *All ye woods, and trees, and bowers*, † *Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan*, † *Arm, arm, arm, arm!* † *Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing*, † *Hence all ye vain delights*, † *Care-charming Sleep*, † *Drink to-day and drown all sorrow.*

Beaumont, Francis. † *Shake off your heavy trance,*
† *Lines on the Tombs in Westminster.*

Beaumont and Fletcher. † *Come, sleep,* † *Lay a*
garland on my hearse.

Wither, George. † *Shall I, wasting in despair.*

Browne, William. *Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke* (formerly ascribed to Ben Jonson),
* † *The Hunted Squirrel* (from *Britannia's Pastorals*, given by Ward).

Herrick, Robert. * † *Corinna's Going a Maying*
(Portions), † * *Upon Julia's Clothes*, † * *Her*
eyes the glow-worm lend thee, † * *Cherry Ripe*,
† * *The Argument of the Hesperides*, † * *An*
Ode for Ben Jonson, † * *Prayer to Ben Jonson*,
† * *To Anthea*, † * *Delight in Disorder*, † * *The*
Litany.

Herbert, George. † * *Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so*
bright, † * *Teach me, my God and King.*

Shirley, James. † * *The glories of our blood and*
state.

Davenant, Sir William. † *The lark now leaves his*
watery nest.

Milton, John. * *L'Allegro*, * *Il Penseroso*, * *On*
his Blindness, † *On the Late Massacre in*
Piemont, † * *On the Morning of Christ's*
Nativity.

Suckling, Sir John. † * *Why so pale and wan, fond*
lover? † *Constancy*, † *The False One*, † *Hast*
thou seen the down in the air?

Crashaw, Richard. † * † *Wishes: To His Supposed*

- Mistress*, † *Two went up into the Temple to pray.*
- Lovelace, Richard. * † *Going to the Wars*, * † *To Althea from Prison.*
- Bunyan, John. * *The Shepherd Boy Sings in the Valley of Humiliation.*
- Addison, Joseph. * *Hymn: The spacious firmament on high.*
- Cibber, Colley. † * *The Blind Boy.*
- Pope, Alexander. † *On a Certain Lady at Court.*
- Thomson, James. * *Rule, Britannia.*
- Gray, Thomas. * *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, * *On a Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.*
- Collins, William. * *How sleep the brave.*
- Elliott, Jane. * † *A Lament for Flodden.*
- Cowper, William. * *The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk*, * *The Retired Cat*, * *Epitaph on a Hare*, † *To Mary Unwin*, † *My Mary*, * † *Lines on Receiving my Mother's Picture*, * *The Loss of the Royal George*, † *A Winter Morning's Walk*, † * *The Dog and the Water-Lily.*
- Goldsmith, Oliver. * *The Deserted Village.*
- Mickle, William James. * † *The Sailor's Wife.*
- Barbauld, Anna Letitia. * † *Life, I know not what thou art.*
- Blake, William. * † *Tiger! Tiger! burning bright*, * † *Night*, * † *The Little Black Boy.*
- Burns, Robert. * † *For a' that and a' that*, * † *Mary Morison*, * † *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw*,

* † *O wert thou in the cauld blast*, * *To a Daisy*,
 * *To a Mouse*, * † *Duncan Gray*, * *Auld Lang Syne*,
 * † *John Anderson, my Jo*, * † *Bonnie Lesley*,
 * *Highland Mary*, * † *O my luve is like a red, red rose*,
 * *The Farewell*.

Lady Nairne, Carolina. * † *The Land o' the Leal*,
 * † *Wha'll be King but Charlie?*

Dibdin, Charles. † *Tom Bowling*.

Wordsworth, William. * *The Brothers*, * *We Are Seven*,
 * *The Reverie of Poor Susan*, * *It is the first mild day of March*,
 * *The Beggars*, * *The Solitary Reaper*, * *To a Highland Girl*,
 * *Lines Written in Early Spring*, * *The Daffodils*.

Scott, Sir Walter. * *Breathes there the man with soul so dead?*
Young Lochinvar, * *Jock of Hazeldean*,
 * *Allen-a-Dale*, * *Christmas in Old Time*,
 * *The Outlaw (Brignall Banks)*, * *The Last Charge of the French at Waterloo*,
 * *Alice Brand*, * *Where shall the lover rest?*

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. * *The Ancient Mariner*,
 * *Kubla Khan*.

Southey, Robert. * *After Blenheim*.

Landon, Walter Savage. † * *Rose Aylmer*, † * *Ianthe*,
 † * *Finis*.

Lamb, Charles. † * *The Old Familiar Faces*.

Campbell, Thomas. * *Ye Mariners of England*,
 * *The Battle of the Baltic*, * *Glenara*.

Moore, Thomas. * *Oft in the stilly night*.

Anonymous. † *Kitty of Coleraine*.

Mahony, Francis. † * *The Bells of Shandon*.

- Lady Dufferin, Helen Selina. * † *Lament of the Irish Emigrant.*
- Cunningham, Allan. † * *A wet sheet, and a flowing sea, † The sun rises bright in France, † Hame, Hame, Hame.*
- Lord Byron. * † *There be none of Beauty's daughters, * The Eve of Waterloo, * The Destruction of Sennacherib, * The Ocean.*
- Wolfe, Charles. * *The Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna.*
- Lindsay, Lady Anne. * *Auld Robin Gray.*
- Skirving, Adam. † *Johnnie Cope.*
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe. † *Night, * The Cloud.*
- Keats, John. † * *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer, † * La Belle Dame Sans Merci.*
- Hood, Thomas. * *Ruth, * The Song of the Shirt, * The Bridge of Sighs, * I remember, I remember, * A Parental Ode.*
- Lord Tennyson, Alfred. * *Lady Clara Vere de Vere, * Dora, * The Bugle Song, † * The Lotos-Eaters, † Come into the garden, Maud, † * You ask me why, tho' ill at ease, † * The Death of the Old Year, † * Of old sat Freedom on the heights, † * Love thou thy land with love far brought, * The Eagle, * The Beggar Maid, * Lady, let the rolling drums, * The Victim, * Wages, † * Morte d'Arthur (in original form), * † Home they brought her warrior dead.*
- Thackeray, William Makepeace. * † *The Pen and the Album, † * The End of the Play.*

Browning, Robert. * *How They Brought the Good News*, * *Incident of the French Camp*, * *Hervé Riel*, * *The Lost Leader*, † *Epilogue*, from *Aso-lando*, † *Prospice*, * *Home Thoughts from the Sea*, * *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, * *Cavalier Tunes: Marching Along, Give a Rouse, Boot and Saddle*.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. * † *Mother and Poet*, * *A Court Lady*, * *The Cry of the Children*, † * *A Musical Instrument*.

Taylor, Tom. † * *Abraham Lincoln* (from *Punch*).

Clough, Arthur Hugh. † * *Qua Cursum Ventus*, * *Say not the struggle nought availeth*, * *Where lies the land?*

Kingsley, Charles. * *The Three Fishers*, * *The Sands of Dee*.

Arnold, Matthew. * *Sohrab and Rustum*, * † *The Forsaken Merman*, * *The Neckan*, * *Saint Brandan*, * † *Requiescat*, * *Morality*, * † *Geist's Grave*, * † *Kaiser Dead*, * † *Rugby Chapel*.

Dobell, Sydney. * *How's My Boy?* * † *Tommy's Dead*, † *America*.

Thornbury, George Walter. * † *The Melting of the Earl's Plate*, * † *The Three Troopers*, * † *The Old Grenadier's Story*.

Allingham, William. † *Half Waking*.

Ingelow, Jean. * *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*.

Morris, William. † * *Riding Together*, † * *Shameful Death*.

Lover, Samuel. † * *Barney O'Hea*, † *Widow Ma-chree*.

Lever, Charles James. † *Larry M'Hale*.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles. † *Étude Réaliste: A Baby's Feet, A Baby's Hands, A Baby's Eyes*.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. * *Wandering Willie*, * *Requiem*.

Meynell, Alice. † * *The Lady of the Lambs*.

Hopper, Nora. * † *The Fairy Fiddler*.

Kipling, Rudyard. † * *The Recessional*.

AMERICAN POETRY

It is for convenience merely that the American poets are put in a separate list. In actual use they should be mingled freely with the English poets.

Halleck, Fitz-Greene. * *Marco Bozzaris*.

Bryant, William Cullen. * *To a Waterfowl*, * *March*, * *An Indian at the Burial Place of his Fathers*, * *The Gladness of Nature*, * *The Twenty-Second of December*, * *To the Fringed Gentian*, * *The Prairies*, * *The May sun sheds an amber light*, * *The Planting of the Apple Tree*, * *Not Yet, July, 1861*, * *Our Country's Call*, * *The Return of the Birds*, * *The Death of Lincoln*.

Drake, Joseph Rodman. * *The American Flag*.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. † * *Good-bye, proud world*, * *The Snow-Storm*, * † *Forbearance*, † * *The Apology*, * *Concord Hymn, April 19, 1836*, * *Ode Sung in the Town Hall, Concord, July 4*,

1857, * *Boston Hymn*, * *Boston (Sicut Patribus Sit Deus Nobis)*. * *Letters, Suum Cuique*, * *Heri, Cras, Hodie*, * *Sacrifice*.

Simms, William Gilmore. * *The Swamp Fox*, * *The Decay of a People*.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. * *Paul Revere's Ride*, * *The Building of the Ship*, * *The Arsenal*, * *Evangeline*, * *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, Part I, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, Part II: * *The Bell of Atri*, * *The Ballad of Carmilhan*, * *Lady Wentworth*; * *Sandalphon*, * *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, * *The Ladder of St. Augustine*, * *The Day is Done*, * *The Belfry of Bruges*, * *The Bridge*, * *The Skeleton in Armor*, * *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, * *The Cumberland*, * *Christmas Bells*, * *Charles Sumner*, † *Nature* (sonnet), * *The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz*, * *Three Kings*, * *A Ballad of the French Fleet*, * *The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face*, * *Victor Galbraith*.

Whittier, John Greenleaf. * *The Witch's Daughter*, * *The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall*, * *The Gift of Tritemius*, * *The Pipes at Lucknow*, * *The Eve of Election*, * *My Psalm*, * *Brown of Ossawatomie*, * *Astræa at the Capitol*, * *To Englishmen*, * *Scenes from Snow-Bound*, * *Abraham Davenport*, † *The harp at Nature's advent strung*, * *The Slave Ship*, * *The Slaves of Martinique*, * *The Farewell of a Virginian Slave Mother*, * *The Moral Warfare*, * *Massa-*

*chusetts to Virginia, * The Reformer, * Randolph of Roanoke, * Barclay of Ury, * Ichabod, * The Lost Occasion, * What the Birds Said, * Laus Deo, * After Election, * My Triumph, * Chicago, * My Birthday, * King Volmer and Elsie, * The Three Bells.*

Smith, Samuel Francis. ** America.*

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. ** How the Old Horse won the Bet, * The One-Hoss Shay, * Old Ironsides, * Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, * The Last Leaf, * The Chambered Nautilus, * The Boys, * Bill and Joe, * Dorothy Q., * Under the Violets.*

Pike, Albert. ** Dixie.*

Sargent, Epes. ** A Life on the Ocean Wave.*

Ticknor, Francis Orrery. ** Little Giffen.*

Lowell, James Russell. ** The Fatherland, † My Love, * A Parable: Worn and Footsore, * A Parable: Said Christ our Lord, * Stanzas on Freedom, * An Incident of the Fire at Hamburg, * The Sower, † * The Present Crisis, † * An Interview with Miles Standish, † To the Dandelion, * To W. L. Garrison, * The Vision of Sir Launfal, * The Two Gunners, * Leaving the Matter Open, † * Thrash away, you'll hev to rattle, † * What Mr. Robinson Thinks, † * The Debate in the Sennit, † * The Pious Editor's Creed, † * A Letter from a Candidate for the Presidency, † * Mason and Slidell: A Yankee Idyl, * Jonathan to John, † * Sunthin' in the*

Pastoral Line, † * *Mr. Hosea Biglow to the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly*, * *The Singing Leaves*, † * *Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration* (some of this is too difficult even for the eighth grade), * *The Shepherd of King Admetus*, * *Aladdin*, * *Yussouf*, † * *The Nightingale in the Study*, † * *Three Memorial Poems*.

Whitman, Walt. * *O Captain! my Captain!*
 † * *Abraham Lincoln, Born Feb. 12, 1809*,
 † * *Hush'd be the Camps To-day*, † * *This dust was once the man*, † * *Cavalry Crossing a Ford*, † * *An Army Corps on the March*, † * *By the bivouac's fitful flame*, † * *A March in the Ranks Hard Prest and the Road Unknown*, † * *A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim*, † * *The Sobbing of the Bells (Midnight, Sept. 19, 1881, Garfield's death)*, † * *The Runner*, † * *A Farm Picture*.

Howe, Julia Ward. * *Battle Hymn of the Republic*,
 * *Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms*.

Cary, Alice. * *An Order for a Picture*, * *Pictures of Memory*.

Cary, Phoebe. † * *Nearer Home*.

Palmer, John Williamson. * *Stonewall Jackson's Way*.

Taylor, Bayard. * *The Song of the Camp*.

Stoddard, Richard Henry. * *Abraham Lincoln*.

Larcom, Lucy. * *Hannah at the Window*, * *A Strip of Blue*.

- Trowbridge, John Townsend. * *The Vagabonds*,
* *Midwinter*, * *Midsummer*.
- Finch, Francis Miles. * *The Blue and the Gray*.
- Timrod, Henry. * *Charleston*, * *Spring*, * *Hark
to the Shouting Wind*, * *Ode for Memorial
Day*, * *A Summer Shower*, * *At Magnolia Cem-
etery*.
- Foster, Stephen Collins. * *My Old Kentucky Home*,
* *Old Folks at Home*, * *Massa's in de Col'*,
Col' Grown'.
- Cooke, John Esten. *† *After Pelham Died*.
- Hayne, Paul Hamilton. * *Vicksburg*, * *In the Wheat-
field*, * *Bonny Brown Hand*, * *A Dream of the
South Wind*, *† *In Harbor*.
- Allen, Elizabeth Akers. *† *Rock Me to Sleep*.
- Stedman, Edmund Clarence. *† *Pan in Wall Street*.
- Thompson, James Maurice. * *A Flight Shot*,
† * *The Blue Heron*, † * *The Wabash*, † * *Pan
in the Orchard*.
- Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. † * *The Voice of the Sea*,
* *The Flight of the Goddess*, * *An Arab Wel-
come*, * *A Turkish Legend*, † * *The One White
Rose*, * *A Snowflake*, † * *Before the Rain*,
† * *After the Rain*, † * *Baby Bell*, * *Friar Je-
rome's Beautiful Book*, * *The World's Way*,
† * *Tiger Lilies*, * *Batuschka*.
- Ryan, Abram Joseph. * *The Conquered Banner*.
- Meredith, William Tuckey. *† *Farragut*.
- Randall, James Ryder. * *My Maryland*, * *John
Pelham*, * *Why the Robin's Breast was Red*.

Miller, Joaquin. * † *Columbus*.

Lanier, Sidney. * *Song of the Chattahoochee*, * *A Ballad of Trees and the Master*.

Gilder, Richard Watson. * † *Sherman*.

Thompson, Will Henry. * † *The High Tide at Gettysburg*.

McMaster, Guy Humphreys. † * *Carmen Bellicosum: Old Continentals*.

O'Hara, Theodore. * *The Bivouac of the Dead*.

Van Dyke, Henry. † * *An Angler's Wish*, † * *Four Things*.

Cone, Helen Gray. * † *The Spring Beauties*.

Riley, James Whitcomb. * *The Old Man and Jim*, * *When the Frost is on the Punkin*, * *The Old Swimmin Hole*, † * *A Life Lesson*, * *The Way the Baby Woke*, * *The Way the Baby Slept*, † * *On the Death of Little Mahala Ashcraft*, † * *Little Orphant Annie*, † * *Longfellow*.

Tooker, Lewis Frank. † * *The Last Fight*, † * *The Return of the Captain*, † * *The Captain Ashore*.

McGaffey, Ernest. † * *Mark*, † * *A Rise*, † * *Geronimo*.

Starr, Hattie. † * *Little Alabama Coon*.

Buck, Richard Henry. † *Kentucky Babe*.

Barker, Edward D. † *Go Sleep, Ma Honey*.

Whitney, Hattie. * † *A Little Dutch Garden*.

Miller, Katharine. † *Stevenson's Birthday*.

Rooney, John Jerome. * *Joined the Blues*.

Anonymous. *The Confederate Flag*.

FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL

The arrangement is again roughly chronological, with prose distinct from poetry, and with English and American names grouped separately. Again it should be remembered that many things should be carried over from the preceding period into this.

ENGLISH POETRY

Chaucer, Geoffrey. * *The Prologue to The Canterbury Tales*, * † *The Knight's Tale*, * † *The Nun's Priest's Tale*.

Skelton, John. † *To Mistress Margaret Hussey*.

Wyatt, Sir Thomas. † *To His Lute*.

Anonymous, 15th century. † *I sing of a maiden*,
† *May in the Green-wood*.

Still, John. † *Jolly Good Ale and Old*.

Wever, Robert. † * *In Youth is Pleasure*.

Spenser, Edmund. * *The Faerie Queene, Book I*.

Sidney, Sir Philip. † * *The Bargain*.

Peele, George. * † *Fair and Fair and Twice so Fair*.

Drayton, Michael. † *The Parting*.

Lodge, Thomas. † *Rosalind's Madrigal*, † *Rosaline*.

Marlowe, Christopher. † *Edward II*.

Shakespeare, William. * *Macbeth*, * † *Lear*,
† * *Hamlet*, * † *As You Like It*, * † *Midsummer Night's Dream*, † * *The Tempest*, † * *Twelfth Night*, † * *King Henry IV* (Parts I and II),
† *King Henry V*, * † *King Richard II*, † *King*

Richard III, ‡ *Othello*, ‡ *Much Ado About Nothing*.

(Of course a complete Shakespeare should be in the school library.)

Verstegan, Robert. † ‡ *Upon my lap my sovereign sits*.

Jonson, Ben. * † *Still to be neat, still to be drest,*
* † *See the chariot at hand here of Love.*

Wither, George. † *A Widow's Hymn*, † *When We Are upon the Seas*.

Herrick, Robert. ‡ *Gather ye rose-buds while ye may*, ‡ *To Oenone*.

Waller, Edmund. † *Go, lovely Rose*.

Milton, John. * *Lycidas*, * *Comus*, * *L'Allegro*, * *Il Penseroso*, * ‡ *Paradise Lost*, * *Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, On Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three*.

Suckling, Sir John. * † ‡ *A Ballad upon a Wedding*.

Vaughan, Henry. † *The World*, † *Peace*.

Dryden, John. * ‡ *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, Nov. 22, 1667*, * ‡ *Alexander's Feast*, * † *Three poets in three distant ages born*.

Earl of Rochester, John Wilmot. † *Epitaph on Charles II*.

Pope, Alexander. * ‡ *The Rape of the Lock*, * † *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

Gay, John. † ‡ *Black-Eyed Susan*.

Thomson, James. *A Snow Scene* (from *Winter*).

Wesley, Charles. * † *Christmas Hymn*, * † *Easter Hymn*, * † *Christ Our Example*.

Collins, William. * *How sleep the brave, who sink to rest*, † *Ode to Evening*, * † *The Passions*, * *The Bard*.

Cowper, William. † ‡ *An Afternoon Call*, * ‡ *Boadicea*, * † ‡ *The Castaway*. From *The Task*: † ‡ *Crazy Kate*, *The Gipsies*, † ‡ *England, with all thy faults, I love thee still*, † ‡ *I was a stricken deer that left the herd*, † ‡ *Hark! 't is the twanging horn! O'er yonder bridge*.

Chatterton, Thomas. † *O sing unto my roundelay*.

Burns, Robert. * † *My Nanie O*, * † *Green grow the Rashes O*, * *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, † *Epistle to a Young Friend*, * † *Tam Glen*, * † *O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut*, * † *To Mary in Heaven*, * † *Tam O' Shanter*, * † *Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad*, * *Bannockburn*, *Sweet Afton*, * † *My Nanie's Awa*, * † *Last May a Braw Wooer*.

(These songs may be added to indefinitely.)

Wordsworth, William. * *Michael*, * *The Affliction of Margaret*, * *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, * *Ode to Duty*, * † *Nutting*, * † *Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey*, * *The Leech-Gatherer*, * *The Old Cumberland Beggar*, * ‡ *Laodamia*, * *Three Years she grew*, * *She dwelt among the untrodden ways*, * *A slumber did my spirit seal*, * *I travelled among unknown men*, * *She was a phantom of delight*, * *Stray Pleasures*, * *Expostulation and Reply*, * *The Tables Turned*, * *To a Cuckoo*, * *To a*

*Skylark, * Matthew, * The Two April Mornings, * The Fountain, * Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle. * Sonnets: To Toussaint L'Ouverture, To Milton, The world is too much with us, It is a beauteous evening, Earth has not anything to show more fair, Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes, Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea, A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by, It is not to be thought of that the Flood, Surprised by joy, — impatient as the Wind, Scorn not the Sonnet, A trouble not of clouds or weeping rain.*

Scott, Sir Walter. * ‡ *Marmion*, * ‡ *The Lady of the Lake*.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. * † *Love*, ‡ *Christabel*, * ‡ *Chamounix*.

Southey, Robert. † ‡ *Stanzas Written in his Library*.

Hunt, Leigh. * † *To May*, * † *To June*, * † *Jenny Kiss'd Me*, * *Abou Ben Adhem*.

Lord Byron. * † *She walks in beauty*, * ‡ *Fare thee well! and if for ever*, ‡ *The Dream*, * ‡ *The Prisoner of Chillon*, * *The Isles of Greece*.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe. * *To a Skylark*, † ‡ *Adonais* (in connection with *Lycidas*, *In Memoriam*, and *Thyrsis*), * † *To Night*, † ‡ *Ode to the West Wind*.

Keats, John. * ‡ *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, * *Ode to a Nightingale*, * *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, ‡ *Last Sonnet*.

Lord Tennyson, Alfred. * ‡ *Locksley Hall*, * *Lancelot and Elaine*, * ‡ *Gareth and Lynette*, * ‡ *The Princess*, * *Ulysses*, * † ‡ *In Memoriam: Invocation*, V, VI, VII, IX, X, XIV, XVII, XVIII, XIX, XX, XXI, XXVIII, XXIX, XXX, XXXVIII, XL, XLV, LI, LIV, LVII, LXXIV, LXXVII, LXXVIII, LXXIX, LXXXII, LXXXIII, LXXXVII, XCI, XCIII, XCIV, XCIX, C, CI, CII, CIII, CIV, CV, CVI, CVII, CVIII, CXXVI, CXXIX, CXXX; the close, *O true and tried*. (To be used in connection with *Adonais*, *Lycidas*, and *Thyrsis*); † ‡ *Translation of The Battle of Brunanburh*, * † *England and America in 1782*, † *Merlin and the Gleam*, * ‡ *Geraint and Enid*, ‡ *Guinevere*, * ‡ *Ænone*, * ‡ *Godiva*, ‡ *The Day-Dream*, * ‡ *Sir Galahad*, * *Wages*.

Thackeray, William Makepeace. † ‡ *Little Billee*, † ‡ *Titmarsh's Carmen Lillense*, ‡ *Sorrows of Werther*, † *Requiescat*, * *King Canute*, ‡ *The King of Yvetot*, ‡ *A Tragic Story*, * † *At the Church Gate*, † *The Ballad of Bouillabaisse*, * ‡ *The White Squall*, ‡ *The King of Brentford's Testament*, ‡ *Peg of Limawaddy*, * ‡ *The Chronicle of the Drum*.

Browning, Robert. * *Meeting at Night*, * *Parting at Morning*, * *The Last Ride Together*, * † *The Flight of the Duchess*, * *Andrea del Sarto*, * *Fra Lippo Lippi*, ‡ *Never the time and the place*, * *Memorabilia*, * *My Last Duchess*.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, * ‡ *The Deserted*

*Garden, * The Pet Name, * † If thou must love me, let it be for nought, * † ‡ If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange, * † ‡ Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand, * † ‡ I thought how once Theocritus had sung, * † ‡ How do I love thee? Let me count the ways, ‡ Aurora Leigh.*

Eliot, George. ** O may I join the choir invisible. † ‡ Brother and Sister.*

Arnold, Matthew. ** A Southern Night, * † Human Life, * The Future, ‡ The Strayed Reveller, * The Scholar-Gipsy, * Thyrsis, * Written in a Volume of Emerson's Essays, * Isolation, * Shakespeare, * ‡ The Sick King in Bokhara.*

Rossetti, Christina. ** Uphill.*

Phillips, Stephen. *† ‡ Marpessa.*

Henley, William Ernest. ** † The Blockade Runner, * † I. M. Margaritae Sorori, † To R. L. S., * † I. M. R. T. Hamilton Bruce, † Epilogue.*

Yeats, William Butler. ** The Lake Isle of Innisfree.*

ENGLISH PROSE

Bacon, Francis. ** Of Studies, * Of Envy, * Of Travel.*

Milton, John. ** † Areopagitica (Selected Passages).*

Addison, Joseph. ** The De Coverley Papers.*

Burke, Edmund. ** On American Taxation, * On Conciliation with America.*

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. ** ‡ On American Affairs, * ‡ On Removing Troops from Boston, Jan. 20, 1775.*

Scott, Sir Walter. * ‡ *Waverley*, ‡ *Kenilworth*,
* ‡ *Ivanhoe*, * *Old Mortality*, * ‡ *Quentin Durward*.

(All Scott's novels should be accessible.)

Lamb, Charles. * *New Year's Eve*, * ‡ *My Relations*, * ‡ *My First Play*, * ‡ *Dream Children: A Reverie*, * *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig*, * *A Bachelor's Complaint on the Behaviour of Married People*, * ‡ *Poor Relations*.

Carlyle, Thomas. * *Burns*, † ‡ *Sartor Resartus*.

Thackeray, William Makepeace. ‡ *English Humourists*, † ‡ *Roundabout Papers*, * ‡ *Pendennis*, * ‡ *Vanity Fair*, * ‡ *Henry Esmond*, * ‡ *The Newcomes*.

(All Thackeray's novels should be accessible.)

Dickens, Charles. * *A Tale of Two Cities*, * ‡ *Christmas Stories*, * ‡ *David Copperfield*.

(All Dickens's novels should be accessible.)

Eliot, George. * ‡ *Silas Marner*, ‡ *Adam Bede*, ‡ *The Mill on the Floss*, * ‡ *The Sad History of the Rev. Amos Barton*.

(All George Eliot's novels should be accessible.)

Arnold, Matthew. † ‡ *Essays in Criticism*.

Huxley, Thomas H. * ‡ *Lecture on Evolution, delivered in New York, 1876*.

Pater, Walter. ‡ *The Child in the House*.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. ‡ *Æs Triplex*, ‡ *A Christmas Sermon*, ‡ *Virginibus Puerisque*, ‡ *Travels with a Donkey*.

Kipling, Rudyard. ‡ *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

Yeats, William Butler. * † *Cathleen ni Hoolihan*,
† *A Pot of Broth*.

AMERICAN POETRY

Bryant, William Cullen. * *The Flood of Years*.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. * † † *Threnody*, † † *Give
all to love*, * *Let me go where'er I will*, * † *The
Humble Bee*, * † *Stanzas Prefixed to Essays on
History, Heroism, Self-Reliance, Days, Power,
Shakespeare*.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, * *Santa Filomena*,
* *Daybreak*, * † *Snow-Flakes*, * † *The Brook
and the Wave*, * † *The Goblet of Life*, * † *Palin-
genesis*, * † *The Bridge of Cloud*, * † *Haw-
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Thomas, Edith. *The Inverted Year*: † *Last time I saw thy mortal resting place*, † *How long ago, how long ago, O Grief*, † *Oft have I wakened ere the spring of Day*, † *Threading a darksome passage all alone*.

(These lyrics from *The Inverted Year* should be used with *Lycidas*, *Adonais*, *Thyrsis*, and *In Memoriam*.)

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